The Nation

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The Week

President Wilson's address at Gettysburg sustained the reputation which he has now securely won for being a master of phrase and of apt eloquence. But the finished and appealing form of his speech should not make its readers forget the felicity and moving quality of its substance. With perfect tact and ease he avoided any comparison with Lincoln's winged words; and he also kept clear of labored discourse upon the specific issues of present-day politics. He sought, rather, with sound judgment and deep feeling, to bring out the high summons to patriotic endeavor which the thronging memories of the occasion are so fitted to inspire. And he left it beyond all question that it was not the devices and resources of the skilled orator, but the sincere purpose and hopeful determination of the chief of state, that were finding utterance. This is the true reason for the praise which his address is receiving from all sides. He had to face an ordeal from which any President and any speaker might well shrink, but he met it with a success that must make the country proud.

The action of the Senate Democratic caucus Monday afternoon, in the matter of obtaining party unity on the tariff bill, was eminently wise. Individual declaration of intention to vote for the bill as finally approved by the caucus was obtained from all the members present, except the two Senators from Louisiana; and it is perfectly understood that the two Democratic Senators who were absent, Hitchcock of Nebraska and Culberson of Texas, will stand with the party on the question. In addition to procuring these personal declarations, which give adequate assurance of the loyalty of a number of Senators sufficient to prevent any alteration that could be regarded as affecting any vital feature of the bill, the caucus passed the following resolution:

> Resolved, That the tariff bill agreed to by this conference in its amended form is declared to be a party measure, and we urge its undivided support as a duty by Democratic Senators without amendment. Provided, however, that the conference or the Finance Committee may, after reference or otherwise, propose amendments to the bill.

It is evident, both from the language of this resolution and from its antecedent history, that what is here intended is to give just the amount of latitude necessary to satisfy the demands of Senators unwilling to shut the door to reasonable criticism and amendment, while making the united action of all members in every essential point a matter of party honor.

In choosing Mr. Frederic C. Penfield as Ambassador to Vienna, President Wilson has selected a man of excellent diplomatic experience. He was an admirable consul-general and diplomatic agent at Cairo under Mr. Cleveland, and has to his credit a valuable book on Egypt. Through marriage, he is possessed of large means, and his being a Catholic makes him the more welcome at the most Catholic court in Europe. And yet for all this, and with due regard to his pleasing personality, there is one great drawback to this appointment—Mr. Penfield's large contribution to the funds used by Mr. McCombs in his pre-convention campaign, and to the regular party funds after Wilson's nomination. The time must come when such contributions will disqualify anybody from receiving high office at the hands of the one who profited, even if indirectly, thereby. The case is, of course, different from that of J. J. Van Alen, who contributed $55,000 to the Cleveland campaign fund, on the direct promise of the Italian Ambassadorship; and yet, at bottom, the same principle underlies both.

If anybody expects to make capital ot the story about the Secretary of Labor having been confined in jail for a day, nineteen years ago, upon a charge of conspiracy in connection with mining-labor troubles, he is pretty sure to be disappointed. Secretary Wilson has done well, however, in promptly making a circumstantial statement of the case, which bears every mark of completeness and accuracy. Unless some wholly different element can be shown to have entered into the matter from any with which his account is concerned, there is nothing in the story that need give him a moment's uneasiness. It may serve to remind people that his career has been that of an aggressive labor leader, but apart from this circumstance—which may, indeed, be held by many to be an objection—there is nothing in the case to injure him in the opinion of any man of sense. And to balance this there is also the reminder, which the newspaper accounts arising out of this episode naturally add, of the story of his early life—such achievement in the face of difficulties as meets with a sympathetic response from all sorts and conditions of men.

On its face, a grave injustice seems to have been done in the case of Capt. Templin F. Potts, of the navy, who was compulsorily retired from active service on July 1. He was the senior captain of the navy and was eligible to promotion to rear-admiral on March 26 last. But Secretary Daniels arbitrarily denied him his promotion on the ground that in his five years of service as captain he had had but ten months of duty at sea. Never before was an officer denied promotion on this ground, and, of course, Capt. Potts had had no warning that he would be punished if he did not go to sea. More than that, Capt. Potts's failure to go to sea was due to the Navy Department itself, for it decides which officers shall have sea commands. Secretary Meyer was responsible, for he had made Capt. Potts his "aide for personnel," perhaps the most important and honorable shore position in the service; there is none which brings an officer in closer touch with the Secretary himself. Now, as soon as Mr. Daniels made his extraordinary ruling, Capt. Potts immediately applied for sea service, in order to earn his rear-admiralcy, and received the command of the Louisiana. On the first of July he was compulsorily retired by the board of rear-admirals, which annually creates a certain number of vacancies. Had Secretary Daniels not withheld his promotion, this board would have had no authority over Capt. Potts, since it cannot retire rear-admirals. It may be that there is something in Capt. Potts's rec-

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ord which entitles him to this shabby and seemingly unfair treatment. We only know that he has served forty-one years honorably; that four months ago he was thought worthy to preside over the entire commissioned force of the navy; and we cannot forget that he was one of the gallant officers of the Massachusetts in the blockade of Santiago and the fight with Cervera.

Some of the figures presented by the statement sent out from Washington, concerning Government receipts and disbursements for the fiscal year just closed, are interesting. The total of "ordinary" receipts—which, of course, leaves out the Post Office—was $724,000,000, a record-breaker; the highest previous total was $701,000,000, in 1911. But so is the total of ordinary expenditures a record-breaker, this amount being $684,000,000, as against a previous high record of $662,000,000, which was reached in 1909. The expenditures in 1912 were $654,000,000; the excess, of 29 or 30 millions, for 1913 is in the main accounted for by the increase in pensions. The pension outlay for 1913 was $175,000,000, as against $153,000,000 in 1912, the difference being due to the new pension law, which President Taft thought he was going to veto, but didn't. Customs revenue and internal revenue (exclusive of the corporation tax) are nip and tuck; the former amounted to $318,000,000 and the latter to $309,000,000. The customs receipts were not quite up to the highest record, but the internal revenue receipts seem to have been a little above the largest figure previously reached. Nearly all of this $309,000,000 is from taxes on tobacco and liquor; from which it would appear that the high cost of living has not had a powerful effect in cutting down the vogue of these indulgences.

One need not go so far as Kansas in order to be treated like a voter in a close election. Ohio, too, needs harvest hands, and farmers are offering the bait of $2.50 a day, with board, and free automobile transportation from home to work and back. The more astute among them are also pointing out that the question of social standing does not enter into this kind of labor. One may leave his toil in a city trench and help the Ohio farmers get in their superabundant crops, without suffering social ostracism. And yet, with all this, there is no rush towards the fields. Pecuniary inducements, pure air, food "the best in the land," appeals on the score of patriotic duty, all fail to tear the city laborer from his job. A few college men are all that can be caught. "It is hard to understand the city laborer's attitude," moralizes the *Ohio State Journal*, "except on the theory that he likes city life and is willing to pay for it." But there is the further consideration that harvest work lasts but a short time.

The biennial appropriation bill which Gov. Dunne has just signed for the University of Illinois will make the heads of endowed institutions envious. Some of its provisions should be noted by those who fear that narrow-minded legislators will cramp higher State education financially and administratively. Two years ago a Republican Legislature levied a permanent mill tax for the University, expected to yield about $5,000,000 biennially. The measure was bitterly opposed. This year it devolved upon a Democratic Legislature, pledged to economy, not merely to appropriate from the fund thus created, but to vote whether trustees or States should direct the manner of itemized expenditures. The final measure gave the University $4,500,000, and virtually liberty to use it according to its own judgment. Even an amendment forbidding support of a medical college, a branch of the University generally unpopular, was defeated as subversive of the trustees' proper authority. Thus this growing institution is henceforth assured by precedent and the sentiment of all parties of a fixed and competent income, completely at its disposal. And this is in a State which, unlike Wisconsin and Minnesota, has not hitherto exhibited marked popular pride in the State University.

A Chicago newspaper is cruel enough to apply a scientific-management test to the Illinois Legislature. It finds that the twenty-three weeks of the session were divided in this way: Three weeks—electing a Speaker; one week—idleness; five weeks—electing two United States Senators; two weeks—attending the Wilson Inauguration; two weeks—organizing and "getting down to business"; four weeks—committee hearings and reading of bills; four weeks—passing 25 per cent. of its bills; two weeks—passing 75 per cent. of its bills. As every day of the session cost $1,500 in expenses, in addition to $2,500 in salaries, the wasted weeks constituted an extravagance in money as well as in time. Other States could furnish equally horrible examples. No one expects a large group of men to transact affairs with the expedition of a small group. We are more than willing to pay the high cost of representative government. But is the American voter to be blamed if now and then he becomes a little disgusted at the sharpness of the contrast in this respect exhibited by his representatives in counting-rooms and his representatives in capitols?

McLoughlin's defeat by Wilding was not generally expected, plainly not in England, but is one proof more that experience and seasoned skill may be too much for eager youth even in lawn tennis. Larned was at the top of his game when he was forty, and Wilding is a veteran in struggle if not in years. It is true that he had also the advantage of not being compelled to play all through the tournament. He offered to do so, but the committee decided that the old rule should be adhered to, under which the champion has only to wait for the challenger, meanwhile keeping himself in practice and keenly studying the play of his opponent, as Wilding daily did McLoughlin's. But there was no doubt that he showed himself superior, when the final test came, and there is no room for excuses. Referring to the steady shining of the old lawn-tennis stars, the *Westminster Gazette* said, on the eve of the tournament, that the dashing youngsters who "sprang upon the twentieth century with the demand that the heroes and heroines of the past should surrender their laurels and retire to the fireside" are now "paying for seats on the grandstand to see those same champions defend the national cause." There was an unconscious prophecy in this! At the same time, no one questions McLoughlin's prowess, and Wilding himself declares that, with a year or two more of experience, the young American will be the greatest tennis player that ever swung a racquet.

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The wonderful feature of M. Brindejonc's successful flight from Paris to St. Petersburg and back is not the distance, the 3,100 miles covered falling a thousand miles short of the distance traversed by Rodgers in this country in 1911, when he flew from Sheepshead Bay to Pasadena. But while the American accomplished his undertaking by a long series of short flights, the Frenchman has attained his goal by a short series of long and very speedy flights. Rodgers's longest flight in one day was 231 miles. The Frenchman's shortest flight in one day was 219 miles. The American was in the air on thirty days, scattered over seven weeks. Brindejonc flew on just nine days, scattered over one calendar month plus two days. And the Frenchman's speed! On the first day of his trip, he flew from Paris to Warsaw, 875 miles, in eight hours, averaging well above a hundred miles an hour. At another time, he travelled a considerable distance at the rate of 140 miles an hour. Of course, it is possible for our pride to reflect that the Frenchman succeeded only by flying a return journey, and that he was compelled to travel over the territories of several nations, while in our broad domain Rodgers went in only one general direction, and was never out of the jurisdiction of the Stars and Stripes. But for a decadent people, the French must be admitted to act rather strangely now and then.

Attempts by the French to put the best face on their perennially disappointing figures of population are of interest to others than sociologists. The latest results lend themselves to an interpretation almost encouraging. In a population of 39,600,000, the excess of births over deaths in 1912 was nearly 60,000. It is clear that a part of this gain was made possible only by a reduction in the death-rate; and this the French are asserting will be permanent, though some ascribe it to the marked coolness of last summer. Sterility in certain sections is traced to their prosperity rather than to race degeneracy. Brittany, Normandy, La Vendée, and the easternmost provinces show gains; the Côte d'Or and Loire and Garonne Valleys have lost. The new governmental plan of assisting poor families with more than three young children will not help matters in departments decaying because of comparative wealth. A lightening of financial burdens will not necessarily encourage large families, although it may relieve those already large—and poor.

Argentine cattle-breeders have a definite idea of the limits of the power of a Trust. At a meeting in Buenos Ayres it was explained to them that, in the first place, no Trust could create a "corner" in a primary necessary article of consumption. To be sure, a Trust could hurt the consumer, but cattle-breeders were beyond its reach, since the higher the price charged by the Trust for meat, the higher the price which breeders could expect for their cattle. This sounds like pretty roundabout reasoning to any one who has lived in the land of the Beef Trust, and heard the complaints against it from cattlemen no less than from consumers. An auctioneer, addressing the same meeting, illustrated the working of the law of supply and demand in a way that would add to the force of most expositions in the books on economics. He had sold steers that very day, he said, for $117 each that, in his opinion, were worth no more than $90. Circumstances independent of the quality of the meat governed the price. But did his conscience trouble him on account of that unearned increment of $27 a steer? Not at all. Cattle as good might at any time bring only $80, and thus the average was not far from what it ought to be. The meeting was so thoroughly convinced of the immunity of Argentine cattle-breeders that the question of what defence to make against the Trust did not even come to a vote.

It does not seem at all likely that the trouble at Johannesburg is over, though the latest accounts indicate that outward order has been restored for the time being. What has been going on there is what has occurred, at one time or another, in almost every region in which there has been a rapid development of mining on a great scale. It is probable that the grievances of the men are great and remediable, and it is certain that they have been wrought up over them to the point of anarchy. When that spirit gets thorough possession of a community in which the mine workers are in an overwhelming majority, such scenes as those at Johannesburg are always in danger of being enacted, and can be averted only by great wisdom and sagacity on the part of Government authorities or mine owners or both. To draw from such occurrences, taking place under the sway of mob passion at its highest point, any broad conclusion about the tendency of democratic institutions is little short of farcical. Yet this is what the London *Daily Mail* appears to have done when, according to a cable dispatch, it says, apropos of the failure of the Rand newspapers to appear on Saturday, that democracy, which began by demanding the right of free speech and liberty of the press, reaches its final stage by completely suppressing that and liberty. What happened at Johannesburg, in the climax of a mob uprising, is no more the "final stage" of democracy than what might happen at a European capital after the assassination of a king would be the final stage of constitutional monarchy.

It may not be true that "there never was a good war," but about the detestable nature of the present war between Bulgaria and Servia, with Greece drawn in and Rumania in danger of being, there cannot be two opinions among disinterested and civilized men. If there is any cause for it except land-hunger, insensate national jealousies and animosities, and a brutal readiness to seek by the sword what could not be got by fair negotiation, the world has not been informed. To invoke the considerate judgment of mankind upon such a mad rush into battle would be farcical. Not the least part of the astonishment with which the bloody news from Macedonia is read arises from wonder how allies who are now flying at each other's throats could ever have worked together against Turkey. They are now freely charging each other with massacres as inhuman as any that were ever laid at the door of the unspeakable Turk. The reports leaking out suggest sickening details not yet revealed. In all this there should be food for thought for our transcendental militarists. Their vision of "the just man armed," establishing righteousness, appears just now in the Balkans as a horrible sarcasm.

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NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOBBY.

Vice-President Marshall made some, for him, sensible remarks at Philadelphia on Saturday about business men lobbying at Washington. He did not deny that there were, or might be, great evils in the practice, but he sought to explain its origin. It grew out of the feeling that laws mean everything; that business is absolutely dependent upon the Government. The source of this is not hidden. Not in vain have the protectionists for two generations preached the doctrine that it is the duty of Congress to legislate prosperity. Latterly, they even had the effrontery to maintain for a time that Congress must, in effect, guarantee a "reasonable profit" to American manufacturers and merchants. With this idea, amounting in some cases to a conviction, implanted in the public mind, it was, as the Vice-President says, the most natural thing in the world that business men should think it necessary to have agents and spend money in Washington. So doing, they have often been deceived and preyed upon. But it is an entirely human phenomenon which they have presented, and one that admits of rational explanation. The scattering details, of which we have been having so many in the press, can be understood only as they are taken in connection with the entire plan of operations.

Take the case of the National Association of Manufacturers. It was a body made up, in the usual way, of the wise and the foolish, fussily active members and the quiescent, contributing kind. Some meritorious objects it placed before itself, and it was wholly within its rights in opposing what it conceived to be injurious labor-laws. From this it was easy to pass to a demand for legislative favors, or, as the Association would have said, the maintenance of just privileges; and with the tariff under revision, it was inevitable that a partisan position should be taken. Having a good deal of money to spend, the National Manufacturers found no lack of men willing to spend it for them. They went into various Congressional fights. They gave to campaign funds here and there. Their representatives assumed the air of political magnates, hobnobbed with Congressmen and members of the Cabinet, and got the ear of Presidents when they could, and the Association grew increasingly important—in its own eyes.

This went on for several years. The facts were generally known. The Association did not hide its light under a bushel. It believed in advertising; and many of its claims to tremendous influence and achievements bore traces of the advertiser's art. But now what has happened to cause all the excitement? Nothing except that a former employee has sold to a newspaper a lot of the Association's correspondence. These letters and telegrams and reports really add very little to our knowledge of the methods of corruption, though they do add a good deal to our knowledge of human nature—especially of political human nature. It is a revelation of folly rather than of crime. Without undertaking to pronounce on the entire body of evidence—not all of which has yet been made public—we think it clear that the whole story is one of much lobbying and little corruption. The thing of main interest is the disclosure of the way in which such organizations as the National Manufacturers grow and operate, finding opportunities here and pitfalls there, playing the game of politics and frequently being beaten by the veterans at it. In a word, the Mulhall revelations are chiefly of value in giving us a glimpse of what may be called the natural history of the lobby.

It is perfectly plain how the thing worked. The Association could not tackle the job first-hand. It had to have secretaries and agents. That was where its efficiency seemed to begin, but it was also where its peril began. The search was naturally for an experienced and "practical" lobbyist who could produce "results." That was where Col. Mulhall came in. He knew everybody, or assumed that he did, was able, on his own showing, to get near the business and bosoms of the most prominent men in Washington, and was a master-hand at writing the most glowing reports. It is delightful to see him hanging upon the proceedings of Congress and assuring his employers that he was doing it all. Some bill is reported out or passed or killed, as the case may be, and the jubilant Mulhall hastens to assert: "We have won a great victory." He may really have had no more to do with it than one of the House doorkeepers. And Mulhall was always carrying elections, selecting Presidential candidates, and choosing the Cabinet. We do not blame him. He was hired to "do things" and he religiously lived up to his contract. If the Association was fooled by him to the top of its bent, that was not his fault. When you employ a lobbyist, you put yourself in his hands. It is for him, according to his kind, to take your money, then trick you, then sell you out.

Let it not be thought that we would make light of the lobby. All the disclosures that have been or may be made are to be welcomed. They are undoubtedly helping to make an end of old abuses. But they are doing it not so much by showing that lobbying has been astute and wicked, as by letting the country see that it has been so often both stupid and futile. When manufacturers and others fully realize, as by now they must be near doing, that to employ a lobbyist is a waste of good money, the occupation of that Othello will be gone.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Lincoln's Gettysburg address holds an undisputed place among the treasures of the English tongue, and among the oratorical masterpieces of all time. Few oral utterances in any language can bear comparison with it for perfection of form or for moving quality. Read again and again, year after year, it awakens afresh the emotion with which it is charged, the feeling which inspired it when first uttered. In one respect at least, it is safe to say that it has no parallel in history, certainly not in the history of modern nations. Were it not a simple fact, it would seem an impossible fancy that a few brief sentences, spoken at the dedication of the site of the decisive battle of a gigantic war, should so loom up in the memory of a nation and of the world as to have an historic eminence coördinate with that of the battle itself.

That such an utterance should stand for all time, as a source of patriotic inspiration to generation after generation of Americans, is matter for profound gratification. It expresses with a noble simplicity the ideal of the nation; it is filled with a solemn sense of what the preservation of that nation and its ideals means not only to ourselves and to the present time, but to all the world and to future ages. From the first

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word to the last this thought, this feeling, animates Lincoln's utterance. To have conveyed so lofty a conception of our country's destiny, of its part in the shaping of the destinies of the world, without the faintest trace of national vaingloriousness, is perhaps the most remarkable of all the remarkable qualities of the Gettysburg address.

When, at the outset, Lincoln, speaking of our nation as conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, declared that we were "engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure," he was not speaking in the air. He was building no theory, launching no speculation; he was but giving perfect utterance to that which was more or less distinctly in all men's hearts and minds, on both sides of the Atlantic. The great Republic in America was still thought of as an experiment; and the democratization of European institutions was but in its incipient stage. The preservation of the Union meant the vindication of democratic government; the disruption of it meant shipwreck of the American adventure. And it was out of the fulness of his heart, the completeness of his feeling of what was at stake in our country's success or failure, that the noble words of the conclusion of Lincoln's address were spoken. The war was not over. Many, many months of doubt and darkness were still before us. There were not wanting those, long after Gettysburg, who, though preferring the Union, were for letting the erring sisters depart in peace. No such near-sighted view of what was at stake was ever for a moment entertained by Lincoln. His soul was nerved by the conviction that shines through the closing words of the address. "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"—it was for no less than this that the sacrifices were to be made which he called on the nation steadfastly to endure.

It is not surprising that Lincoln's words at Gettysburg have often been eagerly seized upon by advocates of this or that proposal of political or social amelioration as warrant for its merit. To say that Lincoln would be on their side if he were living is a favorite device. How effective it is in actually influencing thought or sentiment, there is no means of telling; that it has little or no legitimate value must be evident to any one who stops to think. If you have demonstrated that your proposal is a good one, you may conclude that Lincoln, being a good man and a sagacious man, would have been with you; but to assert that he would have been with you does not help in the least to effect that demonstration. Nobody knows, and there is nothing in Lincoln's acts or words to tell, whether or not he would have been for the initiative and referendum, or for endowment of motherhood, or for single tax; yet enthusiastic advocates of almost any "advanced" proposal of our day find little difficulty in persuading themselves that it is a corollary of the Gettysburg address. They read into "government of the people, by the people, for the people" as much of remote and unsuspected meaning as certain pietists of the past were able to discover in a simple Bible phrase, or as some commentators unearth in a line of Shakespeare.

What "government of the people, by the people, for the people" should be, in detail, each generation must consider afresh. The representative institutions, partly adopted, partly created, by the fathers of the Republic, may prove, in this respect or that, to fail of their rightful purpose. When that has been adequately demonstrated, a remedy must be sought and must be courageously applied. And, broadly speaking, it is right that the spirit of Lincoln's address should be invoked in support of any sincere and patriotic effort to bring the government of the country at any time into conformity with the needs of that time. But to invoke his language, in any more specific sense, for such a purpose, is clearly to pervert it. It was in no double sense, and with no mystic meaning, that he spoke those stirring words. They were born of the travail of that great war; of anxieties about foreign complications as well as the trials of the struggle at home; of the tremendous realities which for three long years had filled Lincoln's mind, by day and by night, and not of any dreams of future perfection. For these, the field of Gettysburg, four months after the battle, was no place and no time. Had Lincoln lived, surely no purpose to which the best thought of the nation might have turned would have been alien to him; but the cause of the Union—that cause for which those who had died at Gettysburg had given "the last full measure of devotion"—was the sole and sufficient inspiration of every word of the immortal address.

EXPLODING A LEGEND.

"Amazing" is the word most frequently used in describing the testimony given last week at Washington by the man who calls himself David Lamar. Hardened Senators were astonished. Cynical and blasé newspaper correspondents were left gasping. Never had there been such impudence, such cool effrontery, such unblushing acknowledgment of acts of turpitude. How could the fellow have mustered up such audacity? What a very thick skin must he possess, covering conscience as well as flesh and bones, to enable him jauntily to admit that he had made his living in Wall Street as a beast of prey! This was the note, these the prevailing comments, at the hearing and in the Washington dispatches. All records for impudent swindling had been surpassed. Cagliostro, in deep mortification, yielded the *pas* to David Lamar.

The question may well be asked, however, if all this astonishment is not a trifle misplaced. Is Lamar the man to be wondered at, or the men who have been his victims? To one who closely considers the whole story, and what lies back of it, the truly "amazing" thing is not so much the revelation as the belief in Lamar's extraordinary power, which had gone before it. For he has for years been the subject of legend in Wall Street. It was not, of course, a savory legend. It had to do with a supposed mysterious adroitness and success in wrecking and blackmailing. The idea was abroad that Lamar was almost a man of black arts. He was a figure of mystery, lurking, impending, terrible. The most exggerated notions were afloat of his facilities for information, of his infallible instinct for the right man or corporation to "strike," of his superhuman insight, and of his unparalleled talent for tearing the heart out of a mass of financial detail. His friend, Mr. Lauterbach, in the most innocent way in the world, quietly put his certification on the legend the other day, when he said that Lamar had a more acute men-

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tality than any man he had ever known.

Well, this eighth wonder of the financial world, this supreme embodiment of diabolical cleverness, this midnight figure of dread, came out into the light of day, and what did we see? Little more than the appearance of a cheap trickster. His glib shamelessness did not hide his mental shallowness. At the first touch of cross-examination, he began to flounder in confusion. His subtle Machiavellian intellect was found unable to perceive the plainest snares laid for his feet. And the methods of operation to which he confessed were on a par with those of the ordinary deadbeat and routine vulgar impostor. His "impersonations" were so clumsily done that he was speedily detected. Mr. Ledyard, for example, at once suspected a blackmailer, and soon identified Lamar. And when this master of all the riddles of Wall Street, this gigantic financial talent, was asked where he got the figures about his alleged corporation "forgery," to the tune of $80,000,000, he disclosed his informant as a man who sells Wall Street "letters"! Was there ever such a pricking of a portentous legend?

The question presses how such a legend could have grown up. Lamar is plainly no Superman. Yet for years he has been referred to in timid whispers as a man who could make or mar in Wall Street. He was supposed to be always hovering about every large proposed financial undertaking, much as the wrecker waits on a lee shore when a ship is in the offing. That he had the power which consists in seeming to have it, appears to be beyond question. Whence did it come? Alas, not from his own extraordinary ability, but from the extraordinary cowardice, the gullibility, the doubts and fears of those upon whom he preyed. Capital is said to be the most timid thing in the world. It runs away at the slightest alarm. But is there any reason why capitalists should act like rabbits, just because a wolf heaves in sight around some Wall Street corner? The meat upon which Lamar has fed that he should grow so great has been furnished him by men who did not know how to face a blackmailer boldly, and who preferred to pay hush-money to a scoundrel rather than spend a little, and possibly face personal embarrassment and attack, in bringing him to justice.

This, it seems to us, is the great moral that stands out in the exploding of the Lamar legend. Get all the amusement you can out of his audacious confessions of villany. Be surprised, incredulous, indignant, what you will. Remark that Lamar proves the romance of cheating to be deathless. But do not overlook the conclusion that such a career as his is made possible only by the moral recreancy of his victims. If a determined front to rascals had been the rule in Wall Street, and the motto had been there: "Millions for exposure and prosecution, but not a cent for blackmail," we should not have had to wait till now to learn on how slender a foundation the great Lamar legend had been erected.

A STORY OF THRIFT.

A pleasing, and evidently authentic, story comes from Baltimore about a family servant. She came from Germany twenty-seven years ago, has lived with one Baltimore family ever since, and now returns to Germany with the tidy sum of nearly $10,000, accumulated by steady saving. Particulars as to wages are wanting, but it is evident that she has been having all these years a comfortable home and has been thoroughly appreciated in the household in which she lived. It is not improbable that her wages have been somewhat more liberal than usual, and that she has received presents that have helped her to economize in the matter of dress. But it is to be noted at once that there is nothing in the least marvellous about the tale. There are thousands of servants who, without sacrificing the requirements of comfort or self-respect, and without failing to live up to a very good standard of appearance as to clothing, could put by a hundred dollars a year out of their wages. There are many whose pay would permit the saving of two hundred dollars a year, with the same conditions satisfied. And two hundred dollars a year, regularly invested at 4 per cent., amounts in twenty-seven years to just about $10,000. Furthermore, $10,000 at the age of fifty means, for a single person, independence for the rest of her years—a comfortable and sure income for life without further labor; for it means an annuity of about $650 a year in a perfectly safe insurance company.

The story carries more than one moral. For one thing, it may serve to draw attention to a phase of the servant question which is far too much neglected. It is idle to deny that the position of a domestic servant carries with it disadvantages which weigh tremendously, and justly, against its advantages in the minds of young women in our time. The pay, in the case of girls who do not live at home, is far better than can be commanded by most of them in factory work, and the labor is also in a large proportion of cases much less trying; but against this stands less personal independence and a less desirable social status. But if the thing we have in mind were duly insisted on, were properly pressed on the attention of those concerned, the bigger pay could be made to have a powerful bearing on both the other elements. If it were to become a general thing for the better type of servants to take advantage of their opportunities for the accumulation of a fund calculated ultimately to insure independence and leisure, the effect upon their immediate feelings in regard to independence, and inevitably before long upon their social status, would be very great. A girl of twenty, getting, as so many do here in New York, a wage of six dollars a week, can lay by $200 a year without difficulty. If she marries, well and good; if she does not, then at the age of about forty-five she has something like $9,000 in bank, and can purchase for it a life income of about $45 a month. With this outcome of her labor in prospect, the status of a servant, first in her own mind and thence inevitably in the minds of others, would be very different from what it now usually is.

But there are others, far more fortunately placed in the economic scale, who might do worse than ponder the lesson of this German servant's achievement. No universal rule can be laid down to govern one's habits of expenditure. To be miserly throughout one's younger years, in order to be idle or luxurious as an old man, would be a poor management of the opportunities of life. Good sense and right feeling must be the final judge, and no arbitrary maxim can serve as their guide. But certain it is that, particularly in this country, there are myriads of per-

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sons who waste in ways that are unproductive of any real enjoyment resources which, if reasonably husbanded, would result in the most solid satisfactions of later life, physical and spiritual. And in part this is due to mere want of realization of the simple arithmetical elements of the case. Upon some it is difficult to impress the importance even of Mr. Micawber's sage deliverance as to the sixpence deficit or the sixpence surplus making the difference between misery and happiness; the great majority are above this line, indeed, but do not get so far as to realize, in youth, how great a blessing they could lay up for their later life by the exercise of even a very small amount of thrift, provided it was systematic and persistent. Conspicuous and general posting of a table showing what a dollar a week, or five dollars a week, at 4 per cent. or 5 per cent. compound interest, amounts to in twenty, thirty, and forty years would do more for the promotion of happiness, contentment, and even morality, than a great deal of sermonizing.

Among the many things of the Victorian age upon which we, "the latest seed of time," are in the habit of looking back with contempt, or at best with condescending patronage, is clearly to be included that kind of teaching which found its most popular expression in the works of Samuel Smiles. His very name is almost unknown to the younger generation; but men by no means old remember the time when his "Self Help" and "Thrift" had a currency as great as that which nowadays belongs to works on social reform and world-betterment generally. It is a more generous impulse that is now dominant; and it is one that will, we are sure, result in great good. But here are two kinds of good to be effected; and while we should do the one, we should not leave the other undone. If concentration of interest upon what society should do for the individual leads—as in fact we believe it has led—to a belittling of the part that may be played by what the individual may do for himself, the balance of gain in the shape either of increase of human happiness or of development of human character may not be so clear as some imagine. Samuel Smiles we may afford to patronize as a narrow Victorian; but it is difficult to patronize Benjamin Franklin, even though we cease to heed Poor Richard. Moreover, besides being a very wise and a very great man, Franklin was most distinctly a "forward looking" man; it would not be difficult to make out a case for him as *the* pioneer of social betterment activity in this country. But both his life and his writings were pervaded by the idea that, like charity, social betterment should begin at home, in the shape of paying your own debts and providing for your own ruture. And the world has not become so wholly changed but that there is abundant use still for the old-time virtues of providence and thrift.

IN HONOR OF A TRAVELLER.

This is the age of travel—at least, of travel in the Apocalyptic sense of "a great rushing to and fro." Yet there is frequent lament that the leisurely intimacy of journeys in the time of diligence and inn has departed. Still, the distance into which our long trains sweep is yet a golden distance. To go to mountain or seaside is enchantment to millions who, like Arnold Bennett's couple in the Five Towns, save pence all the year for the watering-place week where they may eat, stroll, and tip with the best. Three months of it is what our teaching class lives for. A book compiled at Harvard in 1911 mustered nearly half that year's graduates as those who had been abroad. And if this is the century of travel, Americans are the nation of travellers. No other people has their fluent money, their eager, pushing curiosity, their leisure when they step aside to find it. They might well think it worth while, therefore, to notice that on July 5 Norwich, England, set aside as a museum, at the one hundred and tenth anniversary of his birth, the house of the raciest of travellers—George Borrow.

Many a thoughtless traveller, of course, is ignorant of Borrow, unless haply his Sunday-school library had a copy of "The Bible in Spain," or some teacher of description crammed "Lavengro" down his throat. But real lovers of the broad highway, and its literary records, have long known him. To them it is perfectly clear that there are two general modes of travel; the first the mode of Stevenson and Defoe, the second the mode of Borrow and Sterne. Any schoolboy who can discriminate between imagination and fancy can define these. Every business man off for a fortnight's fishing must take his choice and abide by it. The first traveller makes of every road what Stevenson made of the Great North Road, and of every seaport inn what Stevenson made of the inn at Barnby. He sees in every forsaken valley the robbery that is the central scene of a novel, and in every foamy shingle the beach where the pirate captain signals with his handkerchief to the oarsmen in the offing. This is the man of a fecund imagination, which plays lambently over scattered scenes and incidents, until they are welded into some romance. He will make the chapter-heading of a novel out of each new railway station. The other is the traveller of a more impoverished invention. Yet for that all the more charming a thumb-nail painter. He is unable to invoke heroes of fiction out of fence-corners, and wanting in the sense of a locality's spirit which suggests an enwrapping narrative for it; but nevertheless a man of feeling and observation, who can render back every striking scene, steeped in his own personality. Of course, he is the better traveller. He is the more faithful, the less inclined to forget the actual that is before him for the romantic that is nowhere. Yet he need not have the reverence for exact verity that rubs the bloom from the freshest images. As travellers and nothing more, descriptive in content and not narrative, Borrow and Sterne are far more convincing than Stevenson and Defoe. And for obvious reasons, of the two the American will prefer Borrow.

For Borrow was American in many ways. There was a robustious humor and pugnacity about him, journeying through Spain with the Bible in one hand and a cudgel in the other, very Western in flavor. His writing a novel in three nights to get the money to leave London is a bit of American journalism. He orders dinner at Salisbury, forcing the maid to pump water upon his head, with the jocose assurance of a commercial traveller. He has a garrulous observation, a prejudice in politics and religion, a dry-savored humor, that is all but Yankee. He stoutly loves a fight, the bruisers of England, and a ready, outdoor life. He lives near the gypsies in the dingle with the same

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philosophical phlegm with which Thoreau dwelt at Walden. Fortunately, there was a good deal of the dreamy about Borrow, for dreaminess is a quality the traveller must cultivate. But there are Americans every day who set off on journeys with something of Borrow's equipment. They have a racial complexity as great as his mixture of Cornish and Huguenot blood, as much hardy downrightness, and as much of the spirit of adventure. They could do worse things than to assume Borrow's mantle in their peregrinations, and to create for themselves, at every turn, his shock of wonder when he "found himself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance." Such castles in Spain will make out of the merest summer resort the great, challenging, romantic land that England, Russia, Spain, and Wales successively were to him.

That is why, if the English are ready to honor Borrow as a writer, we should be more ready to honor him as a lover of the open road. What our summer travellers should chiefly find in him is personality. Borrow was partly successful in keeping his long trips a glorious vacation, because he wanted bracing scenes, and the more out of the way, with the more odd foreign people, the better. In a larger way, it was because he saw life through the spectacles of prejudice—prejudice against the Catholics, the Lake Poets, the Whig Legitimists, prejudice against all peoples but his own English. If Jones or Smith can entertain a few pet black beasts—if he hates Presbyterians, tariff-reformers, woman's suffrage, and the local-color school of Indiana fiction—his interest in travel is assured. In some such way he must make himself distinctive. Behind these hatreds, of course, must lie self-sufficiency, self-assertion, and strong powers of self-defence. If he have these, his travels will have all his own vitality and independence.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, June 20.

The first literature of the South Seas was that of discoverers, and in it there was many a root of romance. Curiosity, wonder, and sometimes fascination marked the narratives of the early navigators. It was followed by the literature of missions, which supplied ample, if often uncritical, materials for the social writer. Almost before the explorers had gone, and while the pioneer missionaries were still planting stations, a third group—the waifs and strays, the beach-combers, the traders, and the "black-birders"—wandered through the islands or settled down in them. These, too, have given birth to a literature of their own, getting as near to the inner lives of the islanders as the explorers got to their environment, and revealing hidden depths of character from which the missionaries averted their eyes.

Louis Becke, who lately died in Sydney, is acknowledged to be the foremost contemporary writer of this last class. His own life was the romance he has written in a hundred tales. It has been briefly told by the Earl of Pembroke, who has swiftly followed to the grave the trader (as Becke then was) whom he first met in the scenes he was afterwards to describe. Of English origin and good ancestry, but Australian birth, Becke was born with the passion for roving in his blood. As supercargo, shipmaster, part-owner, trader, and labor-recruiter, he made the acquaintance of every island-group in the Pacific. According to Lord Pembroke, he knew the great ocean as few others, living or dead, have ever known it. And he ranks with Herman Melville as one of its two chief romancers.

Apparently, he lacked constructive skill. His earliest stories are very short. They gradually lengthened as he grew conscious of his powers, and some of his later books are full-length narratives. But for these he needed an historical foundation. For "A First Fleet Family" (the adventures of a family that had come out to Australia with the first convict ships) he had a veridical narrative to fall back upon, and the "Mutineers of the Bounty" are historical characters. His first collection of sketches and tales—"By Reef and Palm"—is accounted his best. It was fresh from the mint. In his later volumes there was more alloy, and more artifice was used in their composition. But they are all of the same texture. A trait of character suddenly shown, a flash of light, a deed of blood—and all is over. There is no dallying, no brooding over injuries received, no slow preparation of revenge, but the knife, the revolver, or the rifle gives instant effect to the thought or purpose. The elemental passions are alone at work. What we read of in the historians of primitive peoples thirteen centuries ago was seen in the South Sea Islands the other day. A half-caste wife stabs her rival in the presence of her paramour. A white trader pitilessly lacerates the naked back of his jealous young wife with a giant stingray, and then cuts off her hand. A man who is capable of doing such deeds rises in the estimation of his fellow-islanders. They recognize his perfect right to do what he has done.

We begin to understand exogamy and its savage sanctions. A medical practitioner marries his cousin and brings her to the island where he had before resided. Both are instantly boycotted by the natives, who all go away in shame when they discover how near is the relationship between the husband and the wife. To them it was the relationship between sister and brother. When two children born to them died, it was because the curse of wickedness was on them. So potent was the social sanction that they left the island, and when the doctor returned to it, he was alone. His wife was dead.

A life of strange vicissitude had an almost ideal ending. Louis Becke was found dead one morning, seated in front of his writing-table in a Sydney hotel, the MS. of an unfinished tale lying before him. Mr. Bertram Stevens, his literary executor, will doubtless tell the story of his life, which will be found to be as enthralling as any of the tales he has told. He will relate how Becke learned to write. No born genius, he, or even self-taught craftsman, his first short stories were licked into shape by Mr. J. F. Archibald, founder and long editor of the Sydney *Bulletin*, who continued to foster the reluctant writer till he needed no further aid. In England he speedily conquered the literary world and the world of taste, and his private papers, it is said, contain tributes from the most accomplished representatives of English culture, with Lord Rosebery at their head.

The late Sir Henry Wrixon, who had long been prominently connected with the public life of Victoria and was for many years president of its Legislative Council, was one of a number of cultivated writers who have resorted to the weapon of satire, when argument seemed to fail in effectiveness against the overwhelming forces of Socialism. Perhaps the most accomplished of these is the Australasian professor who masquerades under the pseudonym of "Godfrey Sweven" (G. Dream). His first utopian romance, "Riallaro" (Putnams, 1901), has scientific pretensions. He imagines an archipelago in the South Seas where the central and dominant island regularly deports its vicious citizens to the surrounding islands, each according to his particular mania. On each island, inhabited solely by people with a special *tare*, this failing or propensity is developed to its logical extreme; and this gives our modern Swift an opportunity of painting new Lilliputs, which bear a perilous resemblance to certain British colonies at the Antipodes, and where monstrous psychical developments are depicted with every variety of humor, from subtlest irony to screaming farce. But the central island, Limanora, has in

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consequence been purified, and, thus starting with a clean sheet, it rears a perfect community by means of a method of selection unknown to Darwin—self-selection. We have no space to tell how eloquently, and yet how plausibly, the idea is elaborated ("Limanora," Putnams, 1903), but it may be doubted if any of the hundred utopias of our time is more original or more attractive.

A dozen years ago Sir Henry Wrixon composed in two large octavo volumes, consisting of 900 pages, a picture of Australian public life that lacked neither verisimilitude nor pungency. The love-story in it was naught, save in so far as it showed (what is not usual in Australia) how the tenderest of private relationships may be caught up and shattered by the machinery of public life; but the career of the labor agitator, Jacob Shumite, who gave his name to the book, was depicted, and the work was packed with instructive disquisitions and clever conversations on the questions of the time. So swiftly does every political treatise or discussion grow antiquated in the rapidly developing communities under the Southern Cross that the book soon got to be in part out of date. The last months of the author's useful life were accordingly spent in recasting it and reducing it to a quarter of its original bulk. The change involved the leaving of the labor agitator in the background, and the advancement of another character to the title rôle ("Edwin Fairlie Frankfort"; Macmillan).

It is a scathing satire on the public men and the political life of Australia. A young Englishman of culture and talent, a recent immigrant to Victoria, is ambitious of entering the political arena. He has high ideals and aims at the loftiest ends. He soon discovers that both ideals and ends are so many stumbling-blocks, unless he keeps them exclusively for his own consumption. What his proposed constituency wants is a reservoir. But it never thinks of embarking on such an undertaking for itself. What is the Government for if not precisely to supply it? Reservoir or no reservoir is, then, the deciding question. By a piece of jobbery the reservoir is left out of the Government loan-bill for the year, and, as all public works, productive or non-productive, are executed at the cost of the London Stock Exchange or its clients, the reservoir cannot yet be constructed. So the hero of the book, not being called upon to declare his belief about the reservoir—that it ought to be made elsewhere or not at all—wins his seat in the Legislature. That he is a member only in name and for a time he soon discovers. The reservoir turns up again, and, as he can no longer conceal his opinion, on that vital issue he is flung out. His brief parliamentary career is at an end.

There is not a trace of exaggeration in any part of the book; it is absolutely and typically true, as a mere narrative could not be, and it is not more true of the author's state, Victoria, than of New South Wales, Queensland, or New Zealand. Its lessons lie on the surface, and perhaps there are few progressive countries that might not read there their own horoscope. J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It is somewhat singular that two bibliographies of an author so little read as Sir Roger L'Estrange should have appeared within six months. The first is that contributed to the ninth volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" (pp. 415-418) by Professor Trent; the second is that to be found in Mr. George Kitchin's biography of L'Estrange, which was reviewed in the *Nation* for May 8, 1913. It was to be expected that with his large knowledge of L'Estrange's life and writings and of the literature of the times, Mr. Kitchin should have been able to correct and supplement the bibliography in the "Cambridge History." But, as a matter of fact, the later bibliography augments and amends but slightly the former, and it is not, on the whole, in my judgment, so convenient and trustworthy. Mr. Kitchin does, it is true, make one or two contributions of his own, and he discusses in an interesting way several tracts of doubtful authorship, as well as two translations which have been assigned to L'Estrange, but are perhaps by Aphra Behn. He makes, however, an awkward division of his bibliography, giving a list of the translations in his last chapter and a list of the political writings in an appendix; he omits two significant tracts, "L'Estrange No Papist in Answer to a Libel," etc., and "An Answer to a Letter to a Dissenter"; he gives his titles usually in an incomplete and often in an inaccurate form; he is erratic in furnishing and withholding information about later editions or impressions; and finally he fails even so much as to mention several works that at one time or another have been attributed to L'Estrange. This is all the more regrettable because Mr. Kitchin's book is so valuable not merely as a biography of an interesting man, but as a contribution to the political history of the seventeenth century in England and to the early history of the English newspaper. It seems worth while, therefore, to endeavor in the following notes to supplement and somewhat to amend the bibliography of L'Estrange as Mr. Kitchin has given it on pp. 376 *seq.* and pp. 411 *seq.*

(1.) It is not quite clear why Mr. Kitchin has failed to list L'Estrange's "printed appeals for liberation in 1644-6 and his Kentish and Interregnum manifestoes." "To a Gentleman, a Member of the Honorable House of Commons," is an appeal dated July 8, 1646.

(2.) For complete and accurate titles of the tracts listed as Nos. 1, 5, 12, 13, 14, 16, 23, 25, 26, 36, 39, 40, 44, 46, 48, 54, see the British Museum Catalogue and the bibliography in the ninth volume of the "Cambridge History."

(3.) "An Appeal in the Case of the Late King's Party" is dated on the title page, 1660. Mr. Kitchin is probably right in thinking it earlier than most of the broadsides later reprinted, but where is the external evidence for 1659?

(4.) A full list of L'Estrange's broadsides reprinted in his "Apology" may be found in the bibliography in the "Cambridge History."

(5.) "Treason Arraigned" (April 3, 1660), which is a tract reprinted in the "Apology" and called there simply "an answer to *Plain English*," should have separate notice. It was published under the former title in 1660.

(6.) "Physician Cure Thyself" is undoubtedly L'Estrange's, and should appear after "No Blinde Guides." (See the discussion in the *Nation* for May 8, 1913, p. 475.)

(7.) There were at least four impressions of "A Caveat to the Cavaliers," the third dated August 21, 1661, and the fourth September 18, 1661.

(8.) A third impression of "A Modest Plea," etc., is dated 1662.

(9.) A second impression of "The Relapsed Apostate" is dated November 14, 1661. The date of the third is 1681.

(10.) The preface to "State Divinity" is dated December 4, 1661. Mr. Kitchin dates the tract "November, 1661."

(11.) Mr. Kitchin's remark about "Interest Mistaken" would lead one to think that the statement quoted from the edition of 1682 is our only evidence for believing that the pamphlet was first published in 1661. The facts are that we find an edition dated 1661, a second impression dated 1661, a third and fourth both dated 1662, and the edition of 1682.

(12.) The title quoted by Mr. Kitchin as No. 13 ("A Whipp, A Whipp," etc.) is almost correct. But No. 14 (which should not be a separate item, as it is simply a later, enlarged edition) should read "A Whipp for the schismaticall animadverter upon the Bishop of Worcester's Letter with an answer," etc., and the tract should be dated February 12, 1662.

(13.) "A Memento," etc., appears in Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica" under the title "His Memento; or the laying open the workings and series of the late Rebellion to disappoint the purposes of another. Directed to all those that reverence the memory of King Charles the Martyr, and wish the honour and safety of Charles II." There seems to be no corroboration of this title, but it is too circumstantial to be a misquotation.

(13.) A copy of "Toleration Discussed" bears an "Imprimatur" of February 16, 1662. It should precede "Considerations and Proposals" in Mr. Kitchin's list.

(14.) The *Intelligencer* and the *Newes* were published on Mondays and Thursdays respectively from August 31, 1663, to January 29, 1666.

(15.) The "Discourse of the Fishery" was republished in 1695 and later printed in a collection of tracts on the fishery dated 1751. (Mr. Kitchin mentions the collection on p. 410.) Why does he add "by Roger L'Estrange" when he has not noted that L'Estrange's name appeared on the title-pages of many other tracts?

(16.) The second edition of "The Parallel" with the title "An Account of the Growth of Knavery with a Parallel," etc., is dated on the title-page 1678.

(17.) The title of item No. 23 should read "Tyranny and Popery lording it over the

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Consciences, Liberties, and Estates both of King and People; being a further account of the growth of Knavery and Popery under the mask of Presbytery." It sometimes appeared with the title, "The Growth of Knavery and Popery under the Mask of Presbytery."

(18.) The second edition corrected of "The Reformed Catholique" bears the date 1679 on the title-page.

(19.) A third edition of "The Freeborn Subject" is dated in 1681.

(20.) The second edition, enlarged, of "The Case Put" is dated 1679, and the third 1680.

(21.) A second edition of "The Answer to the Appeal" is dated 1681, and a third 1684.

(22.) A fourth edition of "A Further Discovery" is dated 1681.

(23.) A third edition of "A Seasonable Memorial" is dated 1681.

(24.) Two editions of "Discovery on Discovery" appeared with the date 1680.

(25.) A second edition of "A Short Answer to a Whole Litter of Libellers," sometimes found with the title "A Short Answer to a Whole Litter of Libels," is dated 1681.

(26.) A second edition of "The Casuist Uncas'd" is dated 1680, and a third 1681.

(27.) "L'Estrange No Papist nor Jesuite" is a doubtful ascription. Mr. Kitchin omits "L'Estrange No Papist in Answer to a Libel entituled L'Estrange a Papist, in a Letter to a Friend" (1681), which bears his name. In the case of this tract his habit of abbreviating is unfortunate, for when he refers briefly (page 419) to "L'Estrange No Papist" we are not sure which of the above tracts he is discussing.

(28.) Three editions of "The Dissenters' Sayings" are dated 1681. A fourth edition of Part I, accompanying a second edition of Part II (see below) is dated 1683.

(29.) Two editions of "A Second Part of The Dissenters' Sayings" are dated 1681.

(30.) "An Apology for the French Protestants" is a misquoted title which is especially unfortunate, as another tract with a similar title has been incorrectly assigned to L'Estrange (see below), and it is important to differentiate the two. L'Estrange translated the tract "An Apology for the Protestants, being a full Justification of their Departure from the Church of Rome . . . done out of the French." On page 415 Mr. Kitchin says the tract was advertised in the *Observator* for August 2, 1681. No *Observator* came out on that date, and it appears that Mr. Kitchin meant to say August 13, for he gives this date on page 377.

(31.) "Considerations on a Printed Sheet entituled The Speech of the Late Lord Russell to the Sheriffs" should scarcely be dated June, 1683, since Lord Russell was executed July 21, 1683, and the date of his execution is mentioned on the title-page.

(32.) Mr. Kitchin, as we have seen, omits "An Answer to a Letter to a Dissenter upon Occasion of His Majesty's Late Gracious Declaration of Indulgence," 1687, although he mentions it on page 325. The tract bears L'Estrange's name, and is one of the easiest of his writings to procure.

H. R. Fox.

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As they said at Chicago, as they said at Washington, so they said at Gettysburg, "A good speech, but good for another place and occasion." And meanwhile our sorest national need is of just this "quiet counsel" that hardly any one in high place has the inclination or the wisdom to give us. On these occasions that celebrate a great deed well done, and hopes high or petty, the President speaks the quiet, deliberate word that calls us to match the deed, to fulfil the hopes if they are high, to enlarge them if they are petty, but, above all and first of all, to think what we do. And almost no one else in effective high place tells us this. Like his great master, Burke, he "saturates politics with thought." And still the silly patter sounds in our ears about "other places and occasions." But it is small wonder when he talks to us about "constituted leadership" and "the vision to guide and direct" the people. A different gospel this from the common one, which assumes that political implies mental equality! The President talks as if he actually believed in a democracy guided by something besides the newspapers.

It was a great speech, eminently suited to the place and occasion; and we ought all to be of one mind in saying so. It sounds a bit literary and polished, of course, beside the matchless monosyllables of that other Gettysburg address, with which, paying it the highest compliment we know how to pay, we make haste to compare it; but no one except a Philistine will like it less on that account. Good writing, with all that it implies, is almost as rare among us as "quiet gospel." It has a place in the scheme of things, and in the democratic scheme of things its place is not a low one.

Charles H. A. Wager.

Oberlin, O., July 5.

"SIR" FRANCIS NICHOLSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the many Englishmen who came to this country late in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries, no one, with the possible exception of Sir Edmund Andros, held so many important positions as Francis Nicholson. Arriving late in 1686, he was, between 1688 and his death on March 5, 1728, either Lieutenant-Governor or Governor of no fewer than five governments—namely, the Territory and Dominion of New England, Virginia, Maryland, Nova Scotia, and South Carolina. In contemporary documents Nicholson is invariably referred to as "Captain" or "Colonel" or "General" or "Esquire," and nowhere is there the least hint, so far as the present writer is aware, that he was knighted. Yet in book after book published in this country since 1880, he is called "Sir" Francis Nicholson, and even the year of the alleged knighthood is often given. This erroneous statement originated in this country, and, with one important exception, appears to be confined to American books—the exception being the Dictionary of National Biography. The sketch of Nicholson in that work was written by the late J. A. Doyle, who unquestionably repeated the statement from American sources, since, in the various books he himself wrote on the American colonies, Nicholson apparently has no title. The error has been traced to Charles Campbell, in whose "History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia," published in 1860, we read: "In 1713 Colonel Nicholson was Governor of Nova Scotia. Having received the honor of knighthood in 1720, Sir Francis Nicholson was appointed Governor of South Carolina" (p. 369). In 1872 the error found its way into F. S. Drake's Dictionary of American Biography, and so into recent books.

The fact that Nicholson's name does not occur in Shaw's "Knights of England" is strong evidence, though perhaps not absolute proof, that he was not knighted. The Calendars of State Papers, America and West Indies, have not as yet been printed beyond 1702. What is conclusive is that in the "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial," in other contemporary documents, and in obituary notices that appeared in the *Political State of Great Britain*, in the *Historical Register*, and in the *New England Weekly Journal* he has no title, as he surely would have had if entitled to it. Finally, in his will (Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Brook 91), dated March 4, 1728 (the day before his death), he speaks of himself as "I Francis Nicholson Esqr Governour of South Carolina in America, now resideing in the parish of St. George's Hanover Square in the County of Middlesex."

Attention was called to the error a decade ago in England by Charles Dalton in his "English Army Lists and Commission Registers," VI, 399, and in *Notes and Queries*, Ninth Series, XII, 201; but this correction has apparently escaped the attention of American historians.

Albert Matthews.

Boston, July 2, 1913.

CAMPAILLA, BERKELEY, AND MILTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The introduction to the second edition (1728) of "L'Adamo ovvero Il Mondo Creato," by Tommaso Campailla, the Sicilian philosopher and poet (1668-1740), contains two Latin letters addressed to him by Bishop Berkeley which have escaped the attention of the biographers of the latter, but which are of interest as relating to an obscure episode in the career of the great Irish metaphysician, viz., his travels in Sicily.

That Berkeley visited Sicily at all has only been known through a passing allusion in one of his letters (1745) and through a statement of Thomas Blackwell in his "Memoirs of the Court of Augustus," II, 277. In his article on Berkeley in the Dictionary of National Biography, the late Sir Leslie Stephen conjectured that the journey to Sicily took place in 1719. Professor A. C. Fraser, in his life of Berkeley, however, assigns it correctly to 1718. The first of the above-mentioned letters, which is dated from Messina February 25, 1718, proves that it fell in the beginning of that year, for this letter commences: "Clarissime Vir: Ex itinere per universam Insulam instituto jam tandem, favente Numine, reversus, animum jucundissimum memoria Siculorum hospi-

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tum, atque amicorum, praesertim quos ingenio, atque eruditione praestantes invisserim, subinde, reficio. Porro inter illos quanti te faciam, vir doctissime, facilius mente concipi quam verbis exprimi potest," etc. I may remark, in passing, that Berkeley uses the new style throughout in his journals, etc., so that this letter was really written in 1718 of the modern reckoning. From the remainder of the letter it appears that the writer had visited Campailla at his home in Modica (in the diocese of Syracuse), and that the latter had given him copies of his works to be submitted to the Royal Society in London. Moreover, Berkeley promises to send to Campailla a copy of Newton's "Principia" on his return to England.

In the second of the letters, which is dated from London, "Kalendis Julij, 1723," Berkeley informs Campailla that he has given the books "Viro erudito e Societate Regia," "qui cum solertiam, & ingenium tuum pro meritis extimet, tum id plurimum miratur, tantum scientiae lumen in extremo Siciliae angulo tam diu delituisse." He adds a few lines on the impracticability of metal mirrors for telescopes—evidently in answer to an inquiry of his correspondent—then tells him that he is sending out the promised copy of Newton's work, and concludes with some words of compliment. From the beginning of the second letter one is led to suspect that the date "1723" is a mistake of printer or transcriber for "1720." It runs as follows: "Clarissime Vir: Post longam quinque fermè annorum peregrinationem, variosque casus, & discrimina, nunc demum in Angliam redux, nihil antiquius habeo, quam fidem meam tibi quondam obligatam," etc. Now, this would apply very well to 1720, for Berkeley went abroad in the latter part of 1715, whereas in 1723 he had certainly been at home for upwards of two years. In the biographical sketch of Berkeley prefixed to the new edition of his Works (1901), Professor Fraser, however, says: "In the summer of 1720 we find the travellers at Florence." There is no authority for this statement in the published writings of the Bishop, but as his biographer had access to the unpublished correspondence of Berkeley and Sir John Perceval, I hesitate to press the suggested emendation of date.

The author of the introduction to Campailla's poem, D. Jacopo de Mazara ed Echebelz, tells us that the works which the Sicilian philosopher submitted to the Royal Society through his visitor were "L'Adamo" and a "Discorso del Moto degli Animali." The first of these is a kind of "De Rerum Natura" in *ottava rima*. The first edition (1709) contained only six of the twenty cantos that were ultimately published, and it was, of course, this earlier edition of which Berkeley took copies to England. The poem is worthy of some attention on the part of students of English literature, owing to one feature which it has in common with "Paradise Lost": Here, too, the angel Raphael appears as an expounder of the order of Nature to Adam. Indeed, Campailla's whole poem takes the form of a dialogue between the angel and Adam in which the former develops a complete system of philosophy (essentially Cartesian), while explaining to his listener the laws of the physical world, of the human mind, etc. He finds Adam puzzling over the mysteries of the existence into which he has been just introduced, and begins his instruction with the declaration:

> Mandami l'Increata Sapienza
> A prendermi di te perpetua cura.

He takes Adam to the Terrestrial Paradise, where there is a palace containing, among other things, all the instruments for mathematical and physical research that the future is to develop. Indeed, later on in the poem we have the comical situation of the angel and our First Parent peering through a microscope together. Eve is not created until the beginning of the thirteenth canto, but her creation merely furnishes the occasion for a formal disquisition on human physiology.

Apart from the feature just mentioned, I have observed no resemblance between "L'Adamo" and "Paradise Lost." Did Campailla know Milton's poem? This seems very improbable. If the Sicilian had known English, Berkeley would hardly have addressed him in Latin. To be sure, William Hog had already in 1690 turned "Paradise Lost" into Latin verse, but it is not likely that a copy of this rather obscure translation should have reached a small town in Sicily within little more than ten years of its publication. Probably the rôle of "*the sociable spirit*" (*to use Milton's phrase*) which Raphael plays in the apocryphal Book of Tobit was enough to suggest to the Sicilian and English poets independently the idea of making him God's chosen instructor and monitor of Adam.

J. Douglas Bruce.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 1.

SCANDINAVIAN STUDY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, at its second annual meeting at Rock Island last May, defined the functions of its committee on translations as the authorized literary committee of the Society, its members to study old and new translations of Scandinavian writers into English and publish the results of such studies. The committee was also authorized to offer the services of its members as special readers of manuscripts of translations to such publishing houses as are issuing translations of Scandinavian writings; for the Society recognized the inadequacy of English translations hitherto published and desired to coöperate with publishers in raising the standard. Publishers wishing to avail themselves of this service should correspond with the undersigned; final arrangements should, however, always be made with the individual member of the committee whose services are desired.

The committee was also asked to make some effort to have new Scandinavian publications adequately reviewed in American journals. The personnel of the committee is made up as follows: Dr. A. LeRoy Andrews, Cornell University; Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, the Newberry Library; Dr. Chester N. Gould, the University of Chicago; Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, the John Crerar Library; Dr. L. M. Larson, the University of Illinois; Dr. Henry G. Leach, the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Aksel G. S. Josephson,
Chairman of the Committee.

No. 2239 Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago, July 4.

Literature

NORTHERN WANDERINGS.

Lost in the Arctic: The Story of the Alabama Expedition, 1909-1912. By Ejnar Mikkelsen, author of Conquering the Arctic Ice. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5 net.

A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay. By C. K. Leith and A. T. Leith. Madison, Wisconsin: The Cantwell Printing Co. $2.50 net.

One of the most plausible arguments alleged by the partisans of Dr. Cook in his claim to have reached the Pole was the similarity of his narrative to that of Commander Peary. What the argument really proved was the inherent monotony of the Arctic ice, and as new volumes of Arctic exploration follow one another in quick succession this monotony is forced upon the reader more and more. In the volumes of Peary and Amundsen interest is kept alive by the positive attainment of something which appeals powerfully to the imagination. But there are no more polar centres to discover, and sore-footed wandering over unlimited ice, with the regulation Arctic diet varied occasionally by a few slices from the liver or ham of one of your favorite dogs, killed when it was just on the point of dying from exhaustion, soon ceases to be an exhilarating literary diversion.

Mylius Erichsen sailed from Denmark in the summer of 1906 to explore the northeast coast of Greenland from Cape Bismarck to Cape Bridgemann. He actually accomplished his undertaking, only to become separated from the main body of his expedition and perish in the end, together with Lieut. Hagen and one Eskimo companion. The body of this Eskimo was discovered in the spring of 1908, before the return of the expedition, with a note to the effect that Erichsen and Hagen had perished in the middle of Danmarks Fjord. It was to recover their bodies and diaries that Ejnar Mikkelsen sailed in 1909, in the Alabama, under the joint auspices of the Danmarks (Erichsen) Expedition Committee and the Danish Government. In this they were not successful, though messages left by Erichsen were found at two different places. One of these, dated ten weeks after his separation from the main body of his expedition, contains the following sentence: "We drove westward with twenty-three dogs until the first of June, reaching Peary's Cape Glacier, and discovered that the Peary Channel *does not exist*, Navy Cliff being connected by land with Heilprin Land." Mikkelsen's comment on this is:

We think in a circle, the centre of which is the fact that Peary has stood on Navy Cliff and declared that the straits were

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open! How is it possible? The only explanation we can find is that he must have been so high up that the low land which connects Navy Cliff with Heilprin Land appeared to him as the surface of an ice-covered sound, and that the islands he has charted as lying across the straits are the bare tops of some small hills.

Evidently here is a task for still another northern voyage, to clear up this geographical contradiction. We shall not attempt to outline Mikkelsen's painful wanderings, after he had left his vessel, with one companion, his assistant engineer, Iversen, to search by sledging for the remains of Erichsen. It was a lucky accident that attached Iversen to the party, for it was only through his unquenchable spirit and extraordinary power of resistance that Mikkelsen ever got back to tell the story. The book is well written, translated into satisfactory English, and superbly illustrated; but as we have already indicated, the literary stomach grows squeamish when the Arctic diet is long continued.

"A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay" does not take the reader far enough into the Boreal monotony to contract scorbutic affection of the mental mechanism, and one finds it a decided relief as a gradual return towards literature of a more human temperature. The book is a by-product of a geological expedition under direction of Prof. Charles K. Leith, the author of many papers of high scientific value in the Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey, and in various geological periodicals, and especially prominent as an authority on iron ores of the Lake Superior region and elsewhere. The geological results of this trip appeared in *Economic Geology* for April, 1910. The present volume is given to more general observations on the region visited, which covered the entire southern and eastern shores of James Bay, and the eastern shore of Hudson Bay to a point fifty miles north of Richmond Gulf. Some interesting comments are made as to the effect of the Hudson Bay Company on the region under its influence. Devoting itself exclusively to the fur trade, it has systematically discouraged any effort to develop other resources. It has frowned even upon the introduction of more modern means of travel and communication in the conduct of its own business, as likely to draw attention away from its primary object of procuring furs. Even the geographical knowledge which its agents accumulate is turned over to the public very tardily, if at all, as is witnessed by the large blank areas on existing maps of the region about Hudson Bay. "Probably nowhere else in the world could there be cited a similar case of arrested development of a great region under control of white people." Of course, the reason for this is at hand. Whenever the region is opened up to anything which will bring in a population not devoting itself to trapping, the knell of the fur business there will have been sounded.

Mr. Leith notes in this region the same painful lack of medical service which Mr. Elihu Stewart, ex-Superintendent of Forestry for Canada, lamented in the Mackenzie-Yukon region, in a volume recently reviewed in these columns. By plain implication Mr. Leith censures the Hudson Bay Company for this deficiency; and the reader is disposed to grant the justice of the censure, as he peruses in the latter part of the volume verbatim extracts from the company's own record book at Great Whale Post, for October, 1902, when a violent epidemic of measles took over one hundred lives within a few weeks. Occasionally, a white man whose condition will permit is sent out to civilization for treatment, but such relief is so difficult and expensive as to be extremely rare, and for the Indian it is virtually impossible. "The one cheerful element in the situation is the fact that the country and habits of life tend strongly toward developing and preserving good health when reasonable care is taken." Evidently, here is a chance for some philanthropist. The mere providing of a salary for a few experienced general practitioners judiciously distributed, with a fair allowance for medical and surgical supplies, would do an enormous amount of good, and it should be no objection that the alms would not be seen of men.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sylvia. By Upton Sinclair. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

The author of "The Jungle" always uses the form of fiction as a stalking-horse. This time the doctrine of eugenics, or, more properly, of the physical protection of marriage, is launched from the cover of romance. For some time we seem to be reading a story. The beautiful Southern heroine appears to be in for no more serious troubles than should in the best interests of story-telling attend the path of true love. She is daughter to a fire-eating and firewater-drinking Major, who on a decaying Southern estate struggles with the problem of keeping up the family dignity by means of a tottering family credit. In her earlier phase Sylvia is of the type of Mr. Tarkington's Flirt. The heart of man is a plaything with which she irresponsibly diverts herself, until the Only Man appears. He, unluckily, though of the right blood, is son of a father who, through a technical crime, has served a term in jail. The Major and his clan, however, consent to an engagement; whereupon the youth determines to go to Harvard in order to make himself worthy. The upshot is a visit of Sylvia to Cambridge, involving a good deal of academic and social intrigue, and resulting, not, as might have been expected of a mere novelist, in the triumph of the humble but constant lover, but in Sylvia's marriage to the great catch of the "Gold Coast" at Harvard. This young gentleman bears the suggestive name of Van Tuiver, and has been from birth a multi-millionaire. New York, and of course Cambridge and Boston, grovel before him. Sylvia is the first girl who has ever remained upright in his presence; consequently, he falls in love with her. The machinery by which their marriage is brought about is somewhat rusty. After her return South, Sylvia is informed by letter that her betrothed has been grossly unfaithful to her. She accepts the report without question, sends back his letters unopened, and presently marries the millionaire. Not long before the date set for the wedding she discovers that a friend has been physically ruined by marriage with a man of good social standing who has led a foul life. Fearing for herself, she causes the millionaire to be questioned as to whether her union with him will entail any risk of the sort. He gives his word it will not, but he lies. Her child is born blind, and she herself dies young. The story is unpleasant rather than tragic, since we cannot help feeling that the hapless Sylvia in part deserves her fate.

Michael. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The Inside of the Cup" Mr. Winston Churchill has just shown how a man may put himself in the way of fulfilling his spiritual nature by escape from subservience to religious authority. Lady Clifford shows the same end being reached by the opposite process. It all depends on the nature. John Hodder is (or is supposed to be) a man of strong mind and character, born to construct and to lead. The way of blind faith in the dogma of the past could not be the way for him. Michael Ferrys, on the other hand, with all his lovableness, is inherently weak and chameleon-like. Taking thought in matters of religion merely confuses him. Not until he feels the strong arm of churchly authority about him does he find himself believing, and at peace.

The means by which he is brought to this sense is strange, and, from the merely human point of view, accidental. Bred to no religious belief, he falls in love with the daughter of an old English Catholic family, a maiden firm in her faith, but otherwise the blue-eyed, golden-haired miss who is Lady Clifford's favorite heroine. His great

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wealth and personal charm make him in general acceptable to the family; nevertheless, the condition of his betrothal is that he shall embrace the Roman faith. He is quite willing, and puts himself under the instruction of the Church; but neither the efforts lavished upon him nor his own good will bring conviction. Dogma does not offend him, the rites of the ancient faith have their glamour for him. But his heart remains untouched, and he is at least too honest to pretend. He sets out to confess his failure to his beloved, and to appeal to her feeling for him—and finds her dead. The shock of this discovery, supplemented by an apparent miracle, and a physical accident resulting in concussion of the brain, has its outcome in his sudden demand to be received into the Church. Apparently in his right mind, he is really unconscious of all that happens between the moment of his accident and the awakening, weeks later, from the long fever that follows. But the discovery that he has been received into the Roman Catholic fold is the important thing to him—not the manner of his reception. The matter has simply been taken out of his hands: he is safe; at one stroke all his doubts and hesitations have vanished. The idea is a striking one. The romantic conclusion of the story as a story is in Lady Clifford's familiar vein.

Fortitude. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Mr. Walpole extols his hero's fortitude, but the reader's deserves more praise. The history of Peter Westcott's boyhood, prolonged through thirty-odd years, leaves one with the feeling of having wandered too long in a misty dream. Peter himself complains that life has been "like fighting in a fog." His chief plight—so far as its shifting outlines permit of exact definition—seems to be that he began as a hero of romance and fell midway into a discouraging stretch of realism. After a boyhood of lonely terrors, paternal beatings, and boarding-school brutalities, he runs away from Cornwall to London, there to be launched upon a literary career under the auspices of a gentle coterie of anarchists disguised as bookworms. Through the starvation period, traditionally indispensable to the budding novelist's development, he is squired by his childhood idol, a Cornish yokel of gigantic stature and unreasoning devotion. So far he has been able to take hardships as adventures, "and nothing hurt where everything was romance." But the miseries that follow belong to a later literary fashion, and there is no disguising them. Having attained semi-celebrity and prosperity, he marries that modern woman who is ideal to woo but impossible to live with—selfish, jealous of his work, "afraid of life," deficient in maternal affection, full of the shortcomings familiar to the popular science of matrimonial pathology. His work deteriorates, his infant son dies, the unsatisfactory wife disappears with an admired friend of his school days. Then comes the modern bugaboo—heredity—to fright him with visions of a drunken old age, and memories of Cornwall lay sinister hold upon his imagination. Fortunately, in the belief that a motto makes for unity, Mr. Walpole has provided Peter at the outset with the words of a tavern sage, "It isn't life that matters, but the courage you bring to it." A final tableau reveals Peter posed solitary upon a high hill, "with the great sea at his feet, with the storm rolling up to him," symbolically breasting the future in a lofty mood of stoical equanimity.

Mr. Walpole is firmly convinced that to be indefinite is to be highly artistic and impressive. He accounts for the lurid lighting of a foggy street scene by "some fire, blazing at some street corner," and is especially delighted with photography in which "things stood out—castles, a hill, trees, running water, a shining road—and behind them there was darkness and mystery." This aversion to over-explicitness, together with an unconscious habit of imitative enthusiasm, makes bewildering reading for one who entertains no great partiality for the amorphous.

HERR BEBEL.

My Life. By August Bebel. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

The life story of such a man as Herr Bebel is of universal interest. He is a rare narrator. He tells us just the things we want to know; he is graphic and dignified and well-balanced; he possesses a sense of humor, and we discover in him few traces of the egoist. He humanizes a great cause, and by so doing makes it intelligible, and perhaps even appealing, to thousands who would otherwise pass by on the other side.

The lacunæ of history are always a fascinating study. None is more so than that which intervenes between 1848, when Marx and Engels put forth the "Communist Manifesto," and the founding of the International Workingmen's Association in 1864. Bebel was born in 1840, and from the account which he gives us of his youth, we are able to glean much of this period of gestation from which Socialism as a political force emerged. As we read of the hardships which confronted the proletariat of those days, we are not surprised at the demands formulated by such men as Liebknecht and Bebel; our wonder is that, once having gained an influence, they did not proceed to the limits of injudiciousness. Bebel's father was a non-commissioned officer in a Prussian regiment. The conditions surrounding such a life were miserable. The pay was more than scanty. All the official and military classes of Prussia had in those days to exist on very narrow means; almost every one had to go hungry, tightening the belt for God, King, and country. It was a maxim that Prussia became great by hunger. In 1844 the elder Bebel died at the age of thirty-five, leaving his wife without a claim to a pension. Soon after his death, his twin-brother, the better to fulfil the duty which he had taken upon him of providing for the family, married the widow. He became a constable to the military hospital at Mayence, and afterwards a warden in the Reformatory of Brauweiler, near Cologne. His compensation consisted of free lodgings (two rooms), fuel, and light, and eight thalers (six dollars) a month. This had to provide for five persons.

Consumption, however, carried him away in 1846, and his widow had to return with her family to her birthplace, Wetzlar, where lived her mother and three sisters and a brother. There Bebel attended the Poor Law School. He displayed some proficiency in mathematics, and was even initiated into the secrets of logarithms. History and geography were also favorite studies. He tells us that he was noted for pranks, and earned the reputation of being a moral reprobate. Yet the day came when he said, "Now, you must begin to be a sensible fellow." From that time he did nothing that was punishable, and eventually took the first place in his form. The family, however, continued in desperate straits. Bebel sought employment as boy in a skittle-alley, to which he resorted after school, reaching home at ten o'clock in the evening.

His mother died of consumption in 1853, and at the age of thirteen he became apprenticed to a turner. In January, 1858, he began to tramp as a journeyman. In 1860 he turned up in Leipzig, where, he says, he was lucky enough to find work at once, and just of the kind by which he afterwards built up a business of his own. At that time the Conservative reaction which had set in after 1849 began to subside, by reason of the pressure of the middle-class Liberals, who, having developed their economic forces and having obtained wealth, were showing an interest in political affairs. The "German question" had acquired a new vitality, and was supported with the greatest enthusiasm. The Nationalverein demanded the convocation of a German Parliament. The more far-sighted of the Liberals quickly recognized the importance of obtaining the support of the workers, and to this end lent themselves to the promotion of workers' unions, and sought to put trustworthy men at the head of them.

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The German workingmen of those days knew next to nothing of politics.

In 1861 a Workers' Improvement Society was founded in Leipzig, of which Bebel immediately became a member. He was now on the road which landed him in Parliament, and eventually made him a power in Imperial affairs. In 1867 he was elected a member of the North German Diet. In that year was founded the Social-Democratic Labor party, which declared itself a branch of the International. This act was immediately followed by a dissolution of the League of Workingmen's Societies. The new party was pitted against the Lasalleans, who were divided into two factions bitterly at war with each other. In 1870 a fourth Social-Democratic organization came into being, but had only a short life. It was not until 1878 that the Social-Democrats were unified.

Bebel was not slow to make his presence felt in the North German Constituent Reichstag of 1867. In the Reichstag itself, which convened in September of that year, his first speech was on the Address. His second effort was in connection with the law of universal military service. On this occasion he demanded a term of nine months with the colors. This, of course, was rejected, but Bebel received many congratulatory communications from all parts of Germany. "Our Leipzig friends," he says, "sent us a token of their approval in the shape of a nine-pound ham, which was very welcome to unsalaried members as we were then."

On the 17th of December, 1870, Bebel was arrested on a charge of attempted high treason, and spent 101 days in prison awaiting trial. During this period, on the 3d of March, 1871, occurred the new elections to the Reichstag, and he was again successful. On the 2d of April he went to Berlin to attend the sittings of the Reichstag, but had to face the court in the spring of 1872. The trial lasted fourteen days, and ended in a sentence of two years' imprisonment in a fortress. His doctor consoled his wife in a curious way. "Frau Bebel," he said, "if your husband gets a year in prison, you may rejoice, for he needs a rest." His release from confinement came on April 1, 1875; but in June, 1877, he was again sent to prison, this time for six months, on a charge of libelling Bismarck. The present volume carries us to the eve of the Anti-Socialist laws and to the attempt on the Emperor's life in 1878. Absorbing as we have found it, we know that we are only at the beginning of Bebel's real political life.

In the work are disclosed the foundations on which has been constructed one of the most surprising and transforming political movements of modern history. Men and things about which there has been a vast amount of controversy in the last half century are pictured with sufficient calmness to enable us to feel that we are getting new and genuine insights. What Bebel has to say about Liebknecht, for example, is of no small account in estimating the forces of the last half of the nineteenth century. Liebknecht's was the true fighting temperament, supported by unshakable optimism. No misfortune, whether private or affecting his party, ever for a moment dashed his spirits or disconcerted him. He could not be "bluffed"; he could always find a way out of difficulties. The attacks of opponents he met on the principle that the correct move is always to go one better. Brusque and inconsiderate to opponents, he was always helpful to friends and comrades. In his private life he was a good husband and father and devoted to his family. He was a true lover of nature. A group of fine trees in otherwise unattractive surroundings would move him to enthusiasm and persuade him that the place was beautiful. He was unassuming in manner and simple in his tastes. When he appeared in a new suit—a thing which did not happen often—if Bebel did not at once notice it and compliment him on the fact, he would invariably call his attention to it and ask for his approval. He was, Bebel declares, a man of iron with the heart of a child.

Highly instructive, if not so dispassionate, is Bebel's sketch of Schweitzer, who, after the death of Lassalle, acquired the leadership of the General German Labor Union. Schweitzer, he says, was well endowed with many of the qualities which are of value to a man in such a position. He was well grounded in theory, and his judgment was cool. As a journalist and agitator he had a gift of making the most difficult problems clear to the most simple of workingmen, and he understood how to fascinate the masses and "rouse them to fanaticism." He wrote some of the best things in Socialistic literature, such as his criticism of Marx's "Capital." As a parliamentarian he was adroit. Finally, he was a good speaker. But besides these fine and even brilliant gifts he had, Bebel declares, many defects which made him a dangerous leader for a Labor party in the first stages of development. The movement which he joined after many failures was for him only a means to an end, and this end was his own advancement. Briefly, he was, in Bebel's judgment, a tool of Bismarck's.

Of Bismarck himself we are told much. Bebel's first view of the Prince was at the opening of the Reichstag of 1867. "I looked in vain," he says, "for the famous triad of hairs standing upright, like poplars on a plain, in the midst of an otherwise bald cranium, as shown in all the caricatures. I was very anxious to hear him speak, and was greatly disappointed to find that, giant though he was, he did not roar like a lion or speak with the voice of Stentor; his voice was actually a high tenor. He made use of long and involved sentences, and was sometimes hesitating, but all he said was of interest and to the point." Shortly after Bebel's trial, he fell dangerously ill with pleurisy. "I was thoroughly exhausted with all this work and worry, public and private," he says. "I suffered violent pain, and could not sleep. During the nights, as I lay awake, I bethought myself of Bismarck, in the light of a fellow-sufferer; for I knew from the papers that he was very ill with insomnia and neuralgia."

English Literature and the Classics. Lectures by Gilbert Murray and Others. Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde. 6s. net.

More than twenty years ago, the late Churton Collins urged the English universities to establish "Honor Schools" in English literature, which should require as an integral part of their discipline the systematic study of the Greek and Latin classics. His plan, though approved by many distinguished persons, was quashed by University conservatism, more especially by the "philological" or linguistic wing of the "Modern Side." Some of his ideas have since been effected, gradually and partially. At Oxford the Regius professor of Greek and the Corpus professor of Latin now serve with the professor of English literature and the professor of poetry upon the Board of the *Pass* School (not an Honor School) in English Language and Literature. At Cambridge there is a personal union at least, if not an institutional union, of English literature with the classics, in the person of A. W. Verrall, first holder of the King Edward VII professorship of English literature (established 1910-11). And American humanists will recall the fact that Harvard now offers "Final Honors in Literature," based upon the study of at least two literatures, one ancient and one modern.

The institutional union, then, of these two provinces of literary study seems not beyond hope. Meanwhile it is promoted by diplomatic missions sent over the boundary from time to time to acquaint the inhabitants of one province with what has been done for them by their neighbors across the border. Such a mission is undertaken by the present "collection of nine lectures delivered in Oxford at the invitation of the Board of English Studies. . . . They were addressed primarily to members of the English School, but in effect to all students of modern literature who cared to hear . . . something of what the classics mean in the history of letters" (Preface).

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The contributors have conceived their tasks variously, and their product, though of generally high quality, is uneven. S. G. Owen's "Ovid and Romance" is a conscientious notation of parallel passages in English from Chaucer to the nineteenth century, together with critical remarks of no very profound order upon the romantic quality in Ovid and his imitators. "Senecan Tragedy," by A. D. Godley, a very accomplished account of the rhetorical qualities which Seneca's Roman public and French public liked, but which no English public could long endure, concludes that "there is nothing of the Senecan tradition in Mr. Galsworthy; and we look for it in vain in the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw"!

R. J. E. Tiddy and G. S. Gordon (the editor of the volume) come to their subjects from the "Modern Side," both being lecturers in English. Mr. Tiddy, in "Satura and Satire," propounds what seems to us an untenable analogy: as Roman *satura* is to Roman satire, so is English satire before the Renaissance to English satire after. As a matter of fact, the genial quality of the early Roman form is not matched by mediæval English satire, save in isolated cases like the "Speculum Stultorum" (Burnellus the Ass) of Nigellus Wireker; in general, quite unlike *satura*, the early English product has for its note bitter complaint and savage invective. Mr. Gordon, in "Theophrastus and his Imitators," signalizes most entertainingly the initial connections of character-writing with comedy, with philosophy, and with rhetoric; shows how the *genre* reached modern literature through the last of these channels—the classroom exercise in *ethopoieia*, not waiting for Casaubon to restore Theophrastus's own "Characters"; and establishes, finally, the relations of English character-writing to the comedy of humors, the essay, and the novel. The Oxford smartness, which in Mr. Gordon's brilliant article makes for lucidity, and is no obstacle to the conveyance of solid information, becomes cryptic, oracular, and jejune in J. S. Phillimore's "The Greek Romances"; which, moreover, leaves quite untouched the English portion of its subject. Inasmuch as this portion includes Lyly's "Euphues," Sidney's "Arcadia," and Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," it hardly deserves either this neglect or Mr. Phillimore's slur (Postscript, p. 117) that it is the sort of thing "that thesis-writers will not willingly let die."

Cicero's influence, not upon rhetoric and oratory alone, but upon politics, philosophy, and even religion, is the vast subject of A. C. Clark's "Ciceronianism." A genius that made Fathers of the Church take sides, and that could count among its followers Petrarch, English Deists, and Dr. Johnson, together with French Revolutionists and Burke, is surely a permanent force in the world's thought; surely "still moves among us and delivers a message to those that hearken." The "Vergil" of H. W. Garrod varies Sainte-Beuve's dictum that Virgil "divined what the future would love": rather was Virgil carried beyond his classic intention unconsciously, upon a wave of romantic feeling the nature of which he himself did not divine. Rapt from success by the Celtic glamour in his blood, he achieved in his partial failure a kind of universality that was not of the old world, but of the world to come.

Gilbert Murray, in "Greek and English Tragedy," attempts no detailed account of influence or imitation, but treats instead the pregnant differences between an art that soon forgot its liturgical origins and an art that to the very end was religious to the core. The lecture is essential criticism of a high order. Possibly even more suggestive is J. A. Stewart's "Platonism in English Poetry"; which by dealing somewhat intensively with a few poets (omitting, for example, the whole seventeenth century) builds a pathway to the Platonism in many more. Above all, the lecture itself conveys the Platonic mood; more than one neophyte is likely to look back upon it as his initiation.

Eminent English Men and Women in Paris, 1800-1850. By Roger Boutet de Monvel. Translated by G. Herring. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The author of this scholarly and fascinating book, which was deservedly crowned by the French Academy last year, has been singularly fortunate in his translator. G. Herring, who is responsible for the English version, has done a really notable piece of work in preserving to an unusual degree the lightness of touch and grace of idiom that characterize the French, and that are almost invariably lost in the transference to our more stolid forms of speech. M. de Monvel himself seems to possess exactly the right equipment for his task: a wide sympathy and acquaintance with English habits of life, a profound erudition, and an unconquerable sense of humor. With the genius of his race he understands how to *marier le sérieux au riant*, and whether he is grave or gay, he writes with equal charm. He is very subtle, too, as he shows us in his analysis of Thackeray's diatribes against the frivolous and immoral French nation; this is a delicious chapter of satirical writing. If Thackeray lays about him with a club, M. de Monvel parries easily with a rapier, and his *ripostes* are the more effective because he has a very sincere appreciation of the novelist's genius. The Parisienne, he says, according to Thackeray, is "a creature who puts on rouge and powder, garbs herself conspicuously in ridiculous clothes, wears disgraceful hats, and has at least two lovers at the same time." The Parisian man is no better: "Why, ye gods," cries Thackeray in a rage, "do Frenchmen marry at all?" And then M. de Monvel proceeds to show us that Thackeray's invectives were directed against a society that he had created for himself out of the lurid novels of the day, and that when he comes into personal contact with these frivolous, immoral Parisians he often writes with sympathy and kindliness.

But if Thackeray failed sometimes to appreciate the inhabitants of the land where he spent, nevertheless, a good deal of his time, there is a long list of English men and women who have made themselves thoroughly at home there. Napoleon's prisoners at Verdun found many mitigations for the tedium of their long captivity, and made of that sleepy city a gay pleasure resort that would certainly have merited the strictures of the severe Victorian moralist. Later, when the war was over, Wellington and his army were quartered in Paris, and general, officers, and privates alike seem to have found plenty to amuse them during their sojourn, and, in marked contrast to the conduct of Blücher and his men, to have established themselves on very good terms with the inhabitants. Some of the officers, indeed, found the lure of Paris so irresistible that afterwards they made their permanent home there, and, like the inscrutable Capt. Gronow, on whose journals M. de Monvel has drawn freely for information, became the arbiters of a society which they and their successors in the next generation infected with a severe attack of Anglomania.

Then there was that wonderful Lady Blessington, who once reigned there a queen of society, and thither returned long years afterwards, an old woman, hunted by creditors, to die friendless and alone by her own hand in a humble lodging on the Rue du Cirque. Her body lies in a vault on the Chambourcy estate of the Duchesse de Gramont, who, three years later, "with touching thoughtfulness," caused to be laid beside it that of poor d'Orsay, fled like his quondam mistress from "a throng of insolent creditors" in London, and dying the day after the Prince President had relieved him from financial anxiety by appointing him Director of Fine Arts. Lady Hamilton was another who at the last sought the hospitality of France, and lies in its friendly soil. As the record in the city's register of births and deaths shows, she died at Calais on January 15, 1815—of hunger.

It would be possible to quote indefinitely from this charming book, but that would be apt to convey the false impression that M. de Monvel's work is

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principally a volume of entertaining gossip. So far from that being the case, the author displays throughout a definite constructive purpose, which is to illustrate the somewhat remarkable fact that, despite the most radical differences of sentiment and manners between France and England, there are, as he says, politics apart, "few nations who have maintained a more uninterrupted intercourse with one another, and probably fewer still whose thought and culture have acted and reacted so closely one upon another."

Notes

The Century Company announces that Oliver Herford's "Jungle Jingles" are to be made into a characteristic Herford book this autumn, with pictures on every page and a cover drawing by the author.

The same house will publish Jack London's "John Barleycorn" and a book on the Balkans by Robert Hichens, with pictures by Jules Guérin.

Mr. Charles Hughes, author of "Unpublished Chapters from Fynes Moryson," will bring out, through Simpkin Marshall, "Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana."

Among the announcements of Longmans, Green & Company are the following titles: "Organized Democracy: An Introduction to the Study of American Politics" (American Citizen series), by Frederick A. Cleveland; "Public Opinion and Popular Government," by A. Lawrence Lowell; "Modern American Speeches," edited with notes and introductions by Lester W. Boardman, and "A History of England, from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth, with an Account of English Institutions During the Later Sixteenth and Early Seventeenth Centuries," by E. P. Cheyney.

In Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter's "New Poems" (Dublin: Maunsel & Company) there is nothing to alter or affect particularly the reputation already gained by the poetess. The volume, a very slender one this time, is composed of several ballads and a few lyrics written in the strain already associated with her name. To be sure, there is no ballad to equal "The Deer Stone" and "Kathleen's Charity," no lyric so good as "The Wind on the Hills" with its admirable expression of what we have come to think of as the Celtic spirit, whose

> children shall inherit
> The unrest of the wind.

But it is written in the same key, with much of the same gentle nostalgia for the world of romance and faery, with the same delicate touch at work on the prosaic little details of daily life, transmuting them into something rarer and more ethereal than the things of sense.

> All night the small feet of the rain
> Within the garden ran,
> And gentle fingers tapped the pane
> Until the dawn began.
>
> The rill-like voices called and sung
> The slanting roofs beside;
> "The children of the clouds have come;
> Awake! awake!" they cried. . . .
>
> All night the small feet of the rain
> About my garden ran,
> Their rill-like voices called and cried
> Until the dawn began.

It is a question whether an Everyman's Library need be painstaking in its apparatus; and it is not certain how many poets have been careful editors. In any case, John Masefield, in his Introduction to Anson's "Voyage Round the World" (Everyman's Library, No. 510: Dutton), has done no more than write something about life at sea and ashore in 1740, letting Anson's "Voyage" come out again as the work of Richard Walter, chaplain of the Centurion. It seems perfectly clear that this extraordinary narrative was put together by Benjamin Robins, the celebrated expert on gunnery.

From the Yale University Press we have an "Index Verborum Catullianus," by Prof. Monroe N. Wetmore, of Williams College, following the same plan as his index to the vocabulary of Virgil, published in 1911, except that the careful record of manuscript variants given in the Oxford text edition rendered unnecessary any reference to them in the parenthetical notes of this index. As previous indexes to Catullus are out of print, and even the best of them unmindful of variant readings and otherwise defective, many readers who share the revived interest in Catullus will heartily thank Professor Wetmore for this aid.

In "Annals of the Strand" and "Annals of Fleet Street" (Stokes), E. Beresford Chancellor has done good work in concentrating the histories of these two famous streets, almost the most famous in the world, which merge into one another, into two substantial volumes. Despite his modest apology for "sins of omission and commission" he seems to have given a singularly full and complete account of the history and topography of the streets as well as of the great names which have been associated with them. His study of the available sources of information has been commendably conscientious, and both books have the merit of liberal quotation and of footnotes giving chapter and verse of references to authorities. It cannot be said that either of the volumes is written in a particularly entertaining style; but in compensation for the lack of qualities calculated to make a popular appeal, the information they contain is full and accurate; they are well indexed, and as reference books for those who have more than a superficial interest in the street of London where more of history is written than in any other they should prove of great value. It is perhaps regrettable that Mr. Chancellor has not seen fit to include in his "Annals of Fleet Street" some fuller account of its life today, and of the personalities who are moving there in our own generation. True, that would be a somewhat delicate task, but Fleet Street is probably not less interesting to-day than it has ever been, if we except the great and inevitable Johnsonian tradition, and for the peripatetic philosopher from a foreign land in London such a chapter would have a great fascination The illustrations in both volumes are judiciously selected and well reproduced.

The translation of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," made in 1847 by J. A. Giles, which was formerly bound with the same translator's version of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," has been reissued as a separate volume in Bohn's Library (Macmillan). Although completely superseded by the critical edition of Earle and Plummer, its cheapness gives it a kind of claim on those whose interest is curious rather than strictly scholarly. A new introduction has been provided.

Mr. Robert W. Neeser, the secretary of the Naval History Society, has published, through the Yale University Press, "A Landsman's Log," being his diary on board the battleship Kansas during a four months' winter cruise in Caribbean waters some few years ago. The book, profusely illustrated with excellent and quite remarkable photographs of his own taking, gives a detailed account of his experiences while honorary (and, we are sure, most welcome) member of the Kansas's Ward Room Mess. No better description than this of modern ship life can be found. The varying episodes of coaling and the subsequent cleaning up, of drills and exercises afloat and ashore, of target practice with great guns under way, or with rifles at the Guantanamo range, of boat racing, of sports and entertainments on board, of games and athletic competitions at the recreation ground, also at Guantanamo, are faithfully recounted. To the average reader, who knows but little of the routine and discipline of our fleet, this log will prove most acceptable. Though it pretends to be no more than the title implies, one is tempted to regret that it has not thrown more light on the bluejacket's daily life or presented his point of view. The good quality of the enlisted man is recognized, and reference is made to the admirable relations existing between him and his superior officers, but this last gratifying fact and his mental attitude towards the service in general might well have received further elaboration at the hands of this author, whose clear style, competent observation, and unusual modesty are manifest on every page.

It is not pleasant to find fault with a writer on Austria who loves the country as much as does James Baker ("Austria: Her People, Their Homelands," John Lane), but it must be said that he has written a disappointing book. It is neither guide book nor description of travel, but a very superficial medley from various sources, some as remote as Kohl's "Reisen," in the early forties. Complacent quotations from the author's novels, the scene of which is laid in Austria, are also relied on. The style is often slipshod, and the pages fairly swarm with errors and misprints. The adjective "Slowenisch" is used as a noun. The battle of Lissa is said to have "made the Adriatic so largely an Austrian sea," the fact being that after the battle Austria was forced to surrender Venice, her principal possession on the Adriatic. Graz, the capital of Styria, is defined as "formerly spelt Gratz and pronounced 'grates,' rhyming to 'gerate' (it has succeeded)," which we leave to some clever etymologist and prosodist to puzzle out. The aquarelle illustrations may have been pretty enough in the original, but the tricolor process does them scant justice. The picture of beautiful Salzburg is not much more than a blotch, and St. Stephen's, in Vienna, looks as if it rose from a lake. As is often the case in English books, the legends

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on the pictures contain mistakes—"Cernowitz" for "Czernowitz," and "Trieste" for "Trent." For the information on the latter picture, that it 'represents "the scene which inspired Dante's 'Inferno,'" the author alone must be held responsible. The price of the book, $6.50, is absurdly high.

Sir James Murray begins the tenth and last volume of the "Oxford English Dictionary" with the double section *Ti-Tombac* (Frowde). This tract is notably rich in those familiar "low" words of the vernacular which are eschewed by academic taste, and which can seldom be accurately dated or with certainty traced to their origins—such as *tinker, tippler, tipsy, titter. Tinker*, for example, was derived by Johnson from the verb *tink*, "to emit a metallic sound," on the ground that a tinker proclaims his trade by beating a kettle or that in his work he makes a *tinkling* sound; and this explanation is still offered in Webster's "International." *Tinker*, however, appears as early as 1265, and frequently before 1300, whereas *tink* is unknown before Wyclif's translation of I Cor. xiii, i, "I am maad as bras sownynge, or a symbal tynkynge." It is a curious fact that this useful order of workmen seems not to have improved its social status since the days of Henry III, when the lowest assessment, two pence, made by the Corporation of Wallingford was upon "Editha le Tynekere." In 1666 John Bunyan alludes to the practitioners of this trade as belonging to "that Rank that is meanest and most despised of all the Families in the Land." In Scotland and Ireland *tinker* is still the equivalent of *gipsy* and of *vagrant* generally as in John Synge's "Tinker's Wedding." It were a pretty economic problem to determine whether vagrancy leads to tinkering or *vice versa*. Probably the most piquant guild contribution to language and literature is the *Tinker's Damn*, a fine "colorful" phrase which, in 1877, Knight attempted to whitewash with the following rather Teutonic explanation: "A wall of dough raised around a place which a plumber desires to flood with a coat of solder . . . it has passed into a proverb, usually involving the wrong spelling of the otherwise innocent word 'dam.'" For our first example of *tipsy* we are indebted to the Rev. Meredith Hanmer, who introduced the word into his ecclesiastical history in 1577. The second example is Shakespeare's "tipsie Bachanals" in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," wrongly dated 1590—four or five years earlier than the accepted date. The first use of the adverb *titter-totter*, meaning unsteadily, is dated 1725. We find an example in 1672, Francis Hawkins's "Youths Behaviour" (eleventh impression), page 23. "stand not *titter-tatter* on one foot." Under *toad-eater*, meaning sycophant, it is a pity that there is not a reference to the humorous anatomization of "the Phusalophagos or Toad-eater" in the *Lounger*, May 14, 1785. The most conspicuous American contributions are *tobacco, tomahawk*, and *tintinnabulation*, the last due to Poe, the "jingle man," in his "Bells," 1831.

The history of the Ohio Company, 1748 to 1774, which is the first of the three essays composing the new volume—"Early Chapters in the Development of the Patomac Route to the West" (Washington: Columbia Historical Society), by Mrs. Corra Bacon-Foster—adds very little to our knowledge of the undertaking of this first company of Virginian and London land-speculators to exploit the Trans-Alleghany region. The intricacy of politics, both imperial and local, surrounding the operations of the company, must be known to understand the situation; and this knowledge is not possessed by the author, who has been satisfied with an examination of a few well-known authorities on local history. Part ii is an account of the "Patowmack Company, 1785-1828," and is by all odds the most important section of the book. This is based on the correspondence of the prominent men engaged in the enterprise and the papers of the company, from both of which sources long extracts are printed. The account is further supported by appendices of seventy-nine pages of quotations from printed and unprinted sources. The whole forms a very interesting and exhaustive treatment of this undertaking to connect Virginia by a water route more directly with the growing West, in order that she might enjoy the profits of a trade which was enriching the Pennsylvanians, and later, after the construction of the Erie Canal, added so much to the fortunes of the New Yorkers. The third part is a sketchy life of Charles Simms, eight years president of the Patomac Company, with a selection of his private and public letters. The volume will be found of interest to many readers, whether trained historians or not, and although there must be some criticism of both form and matter, the studies were decidedly worth doing.

The lively articles on Germany which originally appeared in *Scribner's* have now grown into a stout volume ("Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," by Price Collier; Charles Scribner's Sons). Thus collected, the essays form a graphic picture of present-day Germany, by a shrewd, well-informed, and, on the whole, kindly observer of men and things. Mr. Collier is an intense admirer of the German Emperor, the German army, and German home life. He is less partial in his comments on party government and the ever-present hand of the police and the bureaucracy. What he says in praise of the German press gains in emphasis by contrast with American conditions; on the other hand, he does less than justice to German railways in his remark that "were the system [of "inefficient and unnecessary employees"] spread over the United States the chaos in a dozen years would be almost irreparable." A jaunty cocksureness in many of the author's assertions, while not without a certain piquancy, detracts seriously from the value of the book as a whole. We are told that Goethe was "as parochial in his politics as he was amateurish in science," that "in Baden three words out of ten that you hear are French," that "criticism of the Emperor's habit of speaking of 'my navy' is merely the petty pin-pricking babble of boarding-school girls," that "peace is a negative thing that no one really wants," that music is "the art which burns up the manhood of its devotees." The author cannot understand "how any German can criticise Bismarck"; Voltaire is to him "that acidulous vestal of literature," and Racine and Corneille are disposed of by a reference to their "second-hand and half-baked Hellenism." But it is very natural to dogmatize when one is upheld by serene confidence in the justice of one's opinions. "I betray no secret," says Mr. Collier, "when I declare that the most intelligent and patriotic criticism in Germany coincides with my own." It would be idle to expect a judicious summing-up of the conflicting impressions of a writer who, while knowing Germany well, in most of the aspects of its public and private life, lacks "das geistige Band," which would unite what he has seen into an harmonious whole. His conclusion concludes nothing. It is ludicrous, after exalting the army and the Emperor, to write: "Werther, and Faust, and Lohengrin are far more real than those scarecrows autocracy, bureaucracy, and militarism, triplets of straw, premature births, not destined to live, of which Germany boasts to-day as the most precocious children in the world."

The fifth volume of Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner), containing the articles from Dravidians to Fichte, maintains the good standard of the preceding volumes. The collections of facts are large, the bibliographical lists are useful guides for scholars and for general readers, and the conclusions reached are for the most part carefully thought out and deserve respectful consideration, even when they are not accepted. The wide range of topics embraces nearly the whole field of religion and ethics, with excursions into other fields. There are descriptions of such general religious facts as fetishism, dualism, euhemerism, the female principle (the relation between religion and love, and the influence of the cult of female deities), eschatology, the idea of a fall of man from a state of original innocence and happiness, and the belief in all-controlling fate. And certain great modern movements are discussed, notably the Enlightenment (the development of thought from Grotius and Hobbes to Kant) and the Encyclopædists. A long list is given also of persons ("enthusiasts") who believed themselves inspired to preach new gospels. Professor Starbuck properly rejects the view that religion and love are in origin identical, and the difference between the two would have been made clearer if his limits had allowed him to trace the genesis of female deities. The importance of the study of early religious customs is recognized in articles on drink, dress, fasting, and feasting (with which the eucharistic meal must be connected), and even the household winnowing fan is shown by Miss Jane Harrison to be religiously interesting. The ancient and still widespread belief in the "evil eye" is brought out by F. Elworthy. Fairy lore is described at length by MacCulloch, and the treatment of the fable has been properly assigned to Joseph Jacobs. A general view of early cults in Europe is given in Keane's article, Europe. The positive statements of his article, Ethnology, must be treated cautiously—his dates, for example, for the earliest civilization of Babylonia (above 8,000 years ago) and for that of Egypt (above 13,000 years ago) are too high by some thousands of years. The national religions described in whole or in part are the Egyptian (Petrie), the Elamitic (Pinches), the Chinese (Dukes), and the

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Celtic (MacCulloch and Maclean); what is known of the Etruscan is summed up by Herbig, and the latest views of the Eskimos are given by Radin and Gray. There are excellent accounts of the Jewish and Jewish-Christian sects, the Essenes, the Ebionites, and the Elkesaites. The history of the episcopate is given at length; the point of view of the writer, Darwell Stone, Principal Pusey Librarian, Oxford, is indicated by his speaking of the "so-called" Methodist Episcopal Church in America—that is, Coke received the title "bishop," not from ordination by an English bishop, but from the American Methodist Conference.

The more spiritual side of religious life is discussed in the articles Expiation and Atonement, Faith and Experience. The first of these is composite, giving, by separate writers, the conceptions found in the lower peoples and in the great religious systems (except the Vedic and the Celtic, which are treated elsewhere). Various conceptions of faith are described (Burns)—a simple trust (so generally), or, in the Pauline system, spiritual union with Christ, or, as dependent on its moral value, or, in the Greek view, coterminous with knowledge; but the relation between reason and faith is not discussed. The value of religious experience for knowledge of God is emphasized, and William James's suggestion of the great part played in experience by the subliminal self is mentioned, but not adopted. Much space is given to ethical subjects. The article Ethics (Muirhead) discusses the basis and the validity of our ethical judgments. Philosophical articles discuss Epistemology (Iverach), Error and Truth (Royce, who looks to a combination of revised Hegelian dialectics, recent Pragmatism, and modern Logic for a complete treatment of the problem of error), the Ego, Egoism, and Empiricism, Emotions (Dorner), Feeling (Salmond), and Fear (with criticism of the view of Lange and James that the feeling of fear succeeds, not precedes, the reactions). Finally, there are scientific articles on Evolution (Biological), Economics, and the Fabian Society. Altogether, this volume of the Encyclopædia, in the number of its articles on important subjects and the saneness of its judgments, is not excelled by any of its predecessors.

Science

The Mosquitoes of North and Central America and the West Indies. By Leland O. Howard, Harrison G. Dyar, and Frederick Knab. Two volumes. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Following hard upon the discovery, in 1897, that malaria is mosquito-borne, and the still more startling proof that yellow fever is carried solely by certain mosquitoes, came the reflection that virtually nothing was known about the life histories and habits of even our commonest species. Writers were still copying the treatises of Swammerdam and Reaumur and assuming that their descriptions were typical for the group. The fallacy of this was apparent to our Government entomologist, Dr. L. O. Howard, and he was convinced that a thoroughgoing monographic study of all our mosquitoes, with special reference to their biology and classification, would yield data of the utmost value from a practical standpoint. With this in mind, he applied for aid from the Carnegie Institution, and in January, 1903, a grant was made covering the three-year period within which it was supposed that the monograph could be completed. It was found impossible to finish the work in the time set, and the investigations were continued through three additional years, partly by Government aid and by volunteer observers and partly at the expense of two of the authors (Dr. Dyar and Mr. Knab). Before us are the first two volumes of the monograph, and the remaining two are promised for an early date.

Volume one, the most interesting for the non-entomological reader, is devoted to "a general consideration of mosquitoes, their habits, and their relations to the human species." In the five hundred quarto pages there are first discussed in great detail the early accounts of mosquitoes, the structure of the adult, larva and pupa, the habits of adults and larvæ, their natural enemies, and methods of collecting, mounting, and rearing. The major part of the volume is given to the discussion of the relation of mosquitoes to man as disease carriers, the economic loss they occasion, and protective and remedial work. Following a detailed consideration of the structure of the antennæ, the authors dissent from the generally accepted view that in the male these organs have an auditory function. The hypotheses "are founded upon the assumption that the male seeks the female and is attracted by her song," but "at least in those forms in which the antennæ of the male are most highly specialized, the males 'swarm' and the female seeks the male."

Much of the general portion of the book is direct quotation, with due credit given, from various special papers, but these have been selected and interpreted in the light of so broad a knowledge of the group that this but adds to the value of the work. The biological discussion, especially, is rich in original observations and contains much that will be of the utmost value in the fight to control mosquitoes and the diseases they carry. The writers are careful to emphasize that they are entomologists, and not physicians or medical men, and that the portions dealing with the relation of mosquitoes to disease, with the diseases themselves, and with the causative organisms, are not the result of original investigations. An especially valuable original contribution to the morphology is Mr. R. E. Snodgrass's study and figure of the structure of the thorax of a mosquito. Based upon a broad comparative study of this region in insects, it may be accepted as authoritative.

In the section on food habits of adults it is pointed out that, while mosquitoes have engaged the attention of man largely through their bites, and, hence, have been thought to be blood-suckers as a group, this is far from being the case. "There are a great many species, perhaps more than half, which never suck blood at all, while others do so but rarely." Elsewhere in the text it is emphasized that much energy and money may be wasted in an effort to eradicate species which are in reality harmless to man. The moot question as to whether males suck blood seems to be effectively disposed of by pointing out that some of the mouth parts are absent or greatly reduced in the male, and that for this reason it is unable to pierce the skin. The few authentic accounts of blood-sucking males probably refer to abnormal individuals in which the mouth parts are fully developed.

The earliest established case of disease propagated by mosquitoes was that of the transmission of various species of *Filaria*, small parasitic worms which live in the blood of man and animals and are supposed to be at least one of the causes of the tropical disease, elephantiasis. Then followed the demonstration of the rôle of the mosquito in the transmission of malaria, yellow fever, and dengue. The part played by the insect in the transmission of these diseases is an absolutely essential one. In the case of typhoid fever and certain other diseases, the house-fly has been of late much featured as an agent in the spread of the germs, but it serves purely as an accidental carrier. Exterminate all of the house-flies and the disease would still exist and be disseminated by other agencies, such as polluted water, or milk, or contact. Even the bubonic plague may be transmitted otherwise than by the flea, its normal carrier. But the mosquito serves as the host in which is undergone a part of the life-cycle of the particular disease-producing organism carried. Exterminate all of the mosquitoes of a certain group and malaria would be absolutely stamped out; exterminate certain others and yellow fever would no longer exist. It is this which has placed the fight against the mosquito on a very different plane from that against the house-fly, or certain other insects. An extensive bibliography and well-prepared index close volume one.

Volume two is made up of plates. Of these there are a hundred and fifty, illustrating important systematic characters of adults, larvæ, pupæ, and eggs. Not only are they accurate, but they meet an artistic standard rarely exemplified in such work. Naturally, there

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are omissions and debatable statements, but this is not the place for a detailed discussion of technical points. One is surprised to find no reference to the moot question of parthenogenesis of mosquitoes, and the omission of Kellogg's and of Lühe's notes on the subject. Metalnikoff's interesting work on the pericardial cells of mosquito larvæ is overlooked and Lankester's ancient theory that these structures in insects are of the nature of ganglion cells is rehabilitated, though in a quoted section.

Charles Greene Rockwood, professor emeritus of mathematics at Princeton since 1905, died last week at Caldwell, N. J. Professor Rockwood was born in New York in 1843, and graduated from Yale in 1864, receiving his Ph.D. degree from the same institution in 1866. He was professor of mathematics and astronomy at Rutgers College from 1873 to 1877, and professor of mathematics at Princeton from 1877 to 1905. He was a member of many scientific societies, American and foreign, and contributed a number of articles on seismology to the *American Journal of Science* and other periodicals.

Drama and Music

A biographical and critical study of Pièrre du Ryer, the French dramatist of the seventeenth century, by Henry Carrington Lancaster, professor of Romance languages in Amherst College, has been published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. It is a work of notable industry and scholarship, which will be of great value to the student of the foundations of the French classic stage, although it is not likely to prove very attractive to the ordinary reader. It is the result of conscientious research in the libraries of Paris and the British Museum. In its references to both ancient and modern sources, its careful analysis and comparison of disputed dates and accumulation of scattered details concerning the character, circumstances, influence, and reputation of the playwright, it is admirable. Du Ryer experienced his full share of the vicissitudes of fortune. After basking in royal favor, tasting the fruits of literary success, and triumphing over Corneille in an election to the Academy, he fell upon evil days and for years earned a precarious living by translations, which, if they added somewhat to his literary renown, scarcely provided him with bread. But he was blessed in his domestic relations, and of his life Professor Lancaster makes an interesting story. Unfortunately, he is less happy in dealing with the plays to whose consideration the great bulk of his book is devoted. His descriptions of Du Ryer's earlier and later works, which he groups under the general head of tragic-comedies, are exceedingly diffuse, muddled, and indiscriminating. The simple truth is that most of these productions are the crudest of romantic melodramas, without any dramatic significance or value whatsoever. Whatever virtue they possess is literary. He is more successful, however, in dealing with the tragedies—"Lucrèce," "Alcionée," "Saül," "Esther," "Scévole" (Scævola), and "Themistoclée"—upon which the fame of Du Ryer now chiefly reposes. In these the stories, following classical lines and making lesser demands upon dramatic invention, which was not the writer's strong point, are much simpler and more easily analyzed. In his purely literary observation Professor Lancaster is acute and sane and his knowledge of his subject is clearly demonstrated in his remarks upon the establishment of the French classic style, Du Ryer's contribution to the fabric, and his relative position to Corneille. The book would have been twice as effective if it had been half as long, but it is a treasury of fact.

The "Denys of Auxerre," of James Barton (London: Christophers), a play founded upon the story in the "Imaginary Portraits" of Walter Pater, is a redoubtable piece of poetical workmanship. But from the theatre it is barred by its confused and arbitrary construction, its blend of the mystical and the natural, and the doleful nature of its philosophy. The scene is in Auxerre in the thirteenth century, and the theme is the tragedy, actual and spiritual, brought about by a clash between pagan and more modern religious ideals. Denys, the hero of a Bacchic mask, with all the fascination of the youthful Dionysus, has, by virtue of his personal charm and his Epicurean doctrine, become the idol of the populace and scandalized the church. Moreover he has won the love of Ariane, the daughter of the Duke, and so incurred the antagonism of her father and her military lover Philip. When his followers make a demonstration in his favor, the soldiery is let loose upon them and many of them are slain. Tempest and other portents follow, and a weird scene is enacted in the cathedral, where the bishop, to appease divine wrath, sets the people to tearing up the grave-stones, to find the bones of the patron saint and put them on the high altar. From one of the sepulchres Denys appears, raving mad, and is saved from capture by a miraculous vision. When he is caught soon afterward by the vengeful Philip he is again rescued, this time by wolves, his old forest friends, and ministers. Sheltered by a monk repentant of former persecutions, he finds solace in music, recovers his wits, and studies Christian dogmas, which are powerless to convince or console him. Robbed of the joy of life, and harassed by new conceptions of moral responsibility, he is hopelessly distraught, craving only knowledge of the truth. Even Ariane, who visits him, cannot rouse him from his despair. Fleeing from her, he has a vision of the nether world, where Nephthis reviews the rise and decay of successive creeds and proclaims the inevitable resolution of all things into the primal dust. In his final phase, seeing no hope except in blind faith, love, and sacrifice, he courts contagion as a leper, and in that guise returns to Auxerre on a festival day, and there is pitilessly beaten to death by a mob of his former worshippers. His epitaph is spoken by the Duke, who says: "Oh, Life, he would have spelled some syllable of meaning in thee, but the light failed."

The dramatic weaknesses of such a tale, even when it is regarded as prose romance, are sufficiently obvious. The dreary agnosticism, and blunt disregard of religious obsessions would be fatal, even if the scenic arrangement were more manageable. But the poetic excellence of the work and the interest of the story make it fascinating reading. The scenes of Bacchic revelry are written in classic verse, and the incidental choruses and love passages are full of spirit and melody. Much picturesque imagination is displayed in the grewsome cathedral episode and in all the later adventures of Denys. Especially striking are the passionate harangue with which, recalling the freedom of the woods and hills, he finally declares his inability to accept happiness in monastic bonds, and the fanatical outburst with which he clings to faith, after the chilling visions of Nephthis. In literary quality this piece stands conspicuous among poetic plays of recent date.

Next season will see an addition to the number of chamber-music organizations in this city, the Philharmonic Ensemble. It will include five of the leading players of the violin family, besides a French-horn player, and the leading wood-wind quartet, all of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Several well-known soloists are in the list, which includes Henri Leon LeRoy, the solo clarinet of the Philharmonic Society; A. Fayer, the first flute; August Messnard, the prominent French bassoonist, who joins the Philharmonic Orchestra next season; Xaver Reiter, the French-horn soloist of the Philharmonic. And Leopold Kramer, the society's concertmeister, will be among the members of the Ensemble. The literature for this combination of instruments includes many interesting compositions very rarely heard in America.

Paderewski will be heard on April 1 with the Philadelphia Orchestra, for whose next season the ambitious, energetic, and admirable Mr. Stokowsky is preparing a fine set of programmes. Other soloists, to be heard during the winter, are Fritz Kreisler, Louise Homer, Josef Hofmann, Bonarios, Grimson, Teresa Carreño, Camille Zwecker, Mischa Elman, Horatio Connell, Harold Bauer, Thaddeus Rich, Wilhelm Bachaus, Julia Culp, Herman Sandby, Carl Flesch, Katharine Goodson, Schumann-Heink, and Kathleen Parlow.

Stuttgart has just had a Swedish music festival, designed to give an impression of the present condition of the tonal art in Sweden. Apart from the eminent violinist, Henri Marteau, all the participants were from that country, and so was the music, the composers represented being Stenhammar, Tor Aulin, Sjögren, Alfven, Peterson-Berger, Natanael, Berg, Anton Andersen, and Andreas Hallen, whose opera, "Waldemar's Treasure," had its first German performance on this occasion. The best-known of the Swedish singers heard at the festival were the baritone, John Forsell, and the students' choir of Upsala.

Alberto Franchetti, whose "Germania" was produced at the Metropolitan a few seasons ago, with sumptuous scenery and Caruso to help it out, and whose "Cristoforo Colombo" is to be staged in Chicago next season, is now at work on still another opera, the first scene of which is completed. It is to be called "Notte di leggenda," and is based on the usual style of

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blood-and-thunder story. In the last scene the soprano shoots the tenor and then becomes a raving maniac.

The Minneapolis Orchestra, during the season just ended, played in fifty-two cities situated in twelve States and one Canadian province. Altogether 109 concerts were given, at which 139 compositions were played. To these, 42 numbers were added by seven soloists.

Londoners regard themselves as most fortunate in having as chief conductor of the Italian operas at Covent Garden this summer Signor Polacco, who also won so much admiration at our Metropolitan last season. They have found his readings of Puccini's operas a revelation, and we know on this side of the water that in "Aïda" he rivals the brilliant Toscanini. It is gratifying to know that Polacco will conduct "Madeleine," the Victor Herbert opera accepted for performance at the Metropolitan next winter, an opera of which he has a high opinion.

If Wagner came back to-day he would be astonished at some of the things that are done with his works. While Paris, once so hostile to him, is looking forward to three rival "Parsifals" next winter, London is to have its first taste of that music drama in the shape of moving pictures. With the full sanction of Frau Cosima, it is said, and with so eminent a man as Sir Henry Wood to conduct the orchestra, there will be presented at the Coliseum a series of tableaux representing incidents and scenes in "Parsifal," such as the killing of the swan, the ejection of Parsifal, Klingsor hurling the spear, Parsifal in the hall of the Grail, etc. Perhaps this enterprise was suggested by the remarkable success of another series of moving pictures started in London a few weeks ago, illustrating romantic incidents in Wagner's life.

It was announced some months ago that Maurice Renaud was to create the part of Amfortas in "Parsifal" at the Paris opera, but it is also understood that he is to open Oscar Hammerstein's New York opera house in November as Don Quichotte, using a revised version specially made for him by Massenet shortly before his death.

Art

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

General dissatisfaction has been expressed with the state of book and magazine illustration to-day. Yet when discussion is narrowed down to the work of the individual illustrator, criticism usually consists mainly in pointing out particular instances where he has erred in petty details of the hero's or the heroine's personal appearance, the style of their attire, or their relative positions under interesting circumstances. In other words, while the illustrator is constantly reminded that he is, after all, an artist, his pictures are still frankly regarded as a mere gloss on the text and are appraised accordingly. It rarely seems to occur to any one that there may be a connection between these two things, and that one important reason why illustration does not attain a higher artistic standard is just because it is so rigidly subjected to a purely literary standard. When virtually the only question ever asked concerning a set of illustrations is: "Do they illustrate?" the illustrator himself can hardly be blamed for failing to take his work with sufficient seriousness.

The real difficulty with such work, on the whole, is, not that it does not illustrate enough, but that it illustrates, if anything, too much—that is, that it does little else but illustrate. "Illustration must elucidate the text or adorn it; it may do both, but at all events it must be in harmony with the text," writes Mr. Weitenkampf in his recent book on "American Graphic Art." By "harmony" he does not mean to censure "the occasional lapse on the part of the artist, the oversight that produces an unwarranted change in the appearance of a character, or an anachronism in costume, or the construction of a scene differently from the author's description. Such matters," he asserts, "may be left to the letter-writing reader of 'literary supplements,' who will be sure to air his discovery in his paper. Our illustration has suffered not so much from such mistakes as from a tendency to parade cleverness in place of thoroughness, to dazzle the eye by a display of glittering superficiality." What Mr. Weitenkampf has in mind is something rather psychological than objective, and his protest is directed primarily against the practice of employing the same popular model for a whole range of widely divergent types of character. But when he says that "consideration of present-day illustration must be based on the principles of the art," more even is implied than this question of psychological truth.

For one of the first of these principles is that an illustration is a picture, and that it must therefore be treated and regarded as such, with proper attention to draughtsmanship, values, and decorative design. It is this last that principally suffers through the necessity of making a drawing meet the exigencies of any given scene—of telling the story precisely as the author has told it, and in the most dramatically effective manner. It is not that this demand is not in itself a perfectly just one, although the notion of drama is too often and too narrowly associated with scenes of violent action; but that in making it there is a tendency to neglect everything else, and even to feel that such neglect is essential to the achievement of popular success. The illustrators themselves share this feeling, and are inclined to resent any suggestions of a higher synthesis in their art. There was once an art editor who had the ingenuousness to frame and hang in his office half a dozen photographic reproductions of seventeenth-century Dutch *genre* pictures and offer them as models of what illustration might properly aspire to attain. The only result was to make him the laughing stock and the byword of nearly the whole illustrative fraternity.

Perhaps there is, indeed, something to be said against such efforts to elevate illustration all at once to so high a level. Almost as many bad results come from over-ambition as from lack of ambition on the part of the young artist. Seeing a slight sketch in wash of a woman's head by an illustrator whose elaborate pictorial compositions were notoriously overwrought and labored, another art editor exclaimed: "If only he wouldn't ever try to do any more than just that!" To ask such an artist for a "picture" is to make him strive to carry his work to a point beyond his powers. The truth is that few of our present illustrators can compass satisfactorily more than a respectable sketch. This is as far as the brief and therefore necessarily superficial training of the ordinary art school takes them. Not, however, that this institution is wholly, or even principally, to blame. If there are classes in illustration it is because there is a demand for them, and not because directors and instructors believe that illustration can be taught without the same thoroughness required by any other branch of art—can, indeed, be taught at all as a separate branch. They do their best in the short time at their disposal, and with the rather unpromising material they have to work with. For the present imperative demand for immediate instruction in illustration comes mainly from young men and women actuated less by a genuine interest in art than by the promise of large and prompt profits on graduation. Thus our illustrators to-day are recruited from a totally different class from that of the men who made American illustration what it has been in the past, and who, for the most part, after a thorough training, as painters primarily, only gradually drifted into working for reproduction.

If our illustrative art of the present is decidedly inferior to what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago, in spite of so much sheer talent and cleverness currently displayed, it is because, while there are still honest and workmanlike men in the field, they are nearly swamped by the hordes of the half-trained and, worse still, unscrupulous illustrators whose sole ambition is to make money easily, spend it freely, and ride about in big motor cars. And as the final choice between the two classes lies with the larger public, which shows little discrimination in such matters, the better

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men tend inevitably to be forced from a field which grows constantly more uncongenial in the demands it makes, and the competitive conditions it imposes. Thus illustration forms to-day merely a transition stage for most artists who practice it. And, instead of painters becoming illustrators as before, we have now the spectacle of the ablest men starting in to paint as soon as they are pecuniarily able to do so. Of course, there are other conditions which have combined to bring about this change, which would be bound to occur inevitably, and to a greater or lesser extent, in any case. The art situation is radically different in America to-day from what it was twenty years ago, and there are now many more rewards for the native painter, part of whose earlier tendency to drift into illustration is to be explained by his failure to find a paying or appreciative public in any other way.

But there will always be some men better fitted for illustration than for anything else, and willing to devote themselves to a kind of work which has opportunities and possibilities of its own, though so seldom recognized. What ought to be possible is to conserve and consolidate such talent in its own special channels, and to assure it such recognition and hope of reward that a band of trained illustrators might be formed for the development of the art of the illustrated book and magazine beyond any point that it has heretofore reached. So far, while there are isolated workers here and there, there are few indications of the formation of any such band. Indeed, under present conditions, there is little to encourage idealistic enterprise in this field. And yet it would need the active coöperation of but one or two magazines or publishing houses to afford an ample basis for important and far-reaching reforms. Thus it seems a pity that, in the present movement urging the illustrated magazine to pass over into the category of the unillustrated, there has not as yet appeared one audacious experimenter willing to stop half-way with a magazine in which the pictures should be employed with sobriety and restraint as a legitimate source of embellishment and interest, and no longer merely as a means of intensifying the shrill shriek of sensational fiction, or of dazzling "the eye by a display of glittering superficiality."

W. A. Bradley.

Finance

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In all the voluminous reminiscences of the great battle of the Civil War, which was fought just half a century ago, little or nothing has been said of what was happening behind the armies—at Philadelphia, which Lee himself believed that he might capture; at New York, where the network of trade communications centred which the Confederate army was breaking, and where the Stock Exchange was registering the market's view of the fortunes of the nation. Yet dramatic chapters of history are enacted in such places at such times. Every one knows Thackeray's extraordinary picture of the events at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, and every one wishes he knew exactly what was going on at Belgrade and Sofia when the Balkan troops first met the Turkish army, last October.

Profound discouragement had settled on the Northern people, and profound depression on their financial markets, after the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville in May. Early in June, however, stocks had risen and gold had fallen. There was talk of a "rebel invasion of the North," but nobody took it seriously. All at once, on June 16, the newspaper headlines told the startled Philadelphians and New Yorkers that Lee had crossed into Pennsylvania, had captured Chambersburg, and was probably now moving on Harrisburg or Philadelphia.

Gold rose from 143 to 150, and the news which kept coming in was not of a character to allay misgiving. One of Lee's columns threatened Harrisburg; another turned eastward; the Governor of Pennsylvania issued this proclamation:

> To the People of Pennsylvania:
>
> If you do not wish to bear the ignominy of shirking, come forward at once! Close your places of business and apply your hearts to the work. Come in such organizations as you can form.

The Mayor of Philadelphia thus addressed his people:

> In view of the urgent need for instant action, to protect the capital of your State and secure the safety of your homes, I do hereby earnestly appeal to all citizens to close their places of business, and connect themselves without delay with the existing military organizations, for the defence of the city.

All this was patriotic, though just a bit hysterical. But it reflected the mood of the day, which reached its climax in an outburst of excitement when captured Richmond newspapers were brought in, with editorial assurances that Gen. Lee was about to set on fire the coal fields of Pennsylvania. From such a mental state, reaction is always bound to follow; it came on June 18, when the city and the Stock Exchange had the story that the Confederate army was withdrawing. The *Tribune* editorially announced: "It seems almost certain that there are no rebels in force in the State of Pennsylvania." Markets rose; gold fell from 150 to 143; the strain was apparently over.

This second mood continued a full week, until June 25, when some very formidable news arrived. Lee's entire army was certainly in the State, and advancing rapidly. At Harrisburg, a dispatch reported, "during the whole of last night, long trains of wagons, laden with goods and household furniture, were entering the city," and at the same time, "many merchants here are packing their goods for shipment, and people are crowding the trains for New York and Philadelphia." On June 26, the dispatches from the front reported Lee at Gettysburg, Meade approaching, and a great battle imminent. By the 29th, freight trains stopped coming east over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and all business at Philadelphia was suspended. A panic followed in Baltimore, which expected immediate capture if the Union army was defeated. On July 1 the three-day fight began.

It is an interesting fact that, from the moment the battle of Gettysburg actually began, the New York stock market advanced and gold declined. Perhaps this reflected relief on the part of people who had been apprehensive that Lee's advance northward would not be opposed. In 1863, the 3d of July fell on Friday. For that reason, news of the furious contest of the 3d, of Pickett's charge, of its disastrous failure, and of Lee's retreat, came to New York in curiously fragmentary form. Even the morning papers of the 4th did not realize what a stupendous victory Meade had won, and on Sunday, the 5th, no newspapers were published.

The full story was not told to the North until Monday, July 6. What was hardly less singular was the manner in which the Vicksburg news arrived. The schoolbooks give the impression that the news of Lee's defeat, and of the fall of the great Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi, came simultaneously to an exultant Northern people on Independence Day. Pemberton did, in fact, surrender Vicksburg to Grant on July 4; but the wires were down, communication slow, and as late as July 6 the New York papers were publishing news of the continued siege of Vicksburg. Only on the 7th of July did the public learn what had actually happened there.

In the midst of the general rejoicing of the public in the North, gold fell from 138 to 132, but the Stock Exchange greeted the news, both from Gettysburg and Vicksburg, with a general decline. Financial reviewers, even in that early day, called it "realizing on good news." Yet one may wonder, in the light of subsequent events, whether the alert mind of the stock market may not instantly have taken its cue from the intimation in the dispatches even of July 6, that Meade was neglecting to pursue Lee's broken army, and that missing his chance of dealing the final blow, the

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war was destined to last nearly two years longer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Sociological Society Publications. Vol. VII, The Conception of Human Interrelations as a Variant of Social Theory. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Annis, Mrs. S. F. The Noble Earl of Fleetwood. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Baker, E. A. Guide to the Best Fiction in English. New edition, enlarged. Macmillan. $6 net.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Stane Street: A Monograph. Dutton. $2.75 net.
Bjorkman, Edwin. Voices of To-morrow. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Black, N. H., and Davis, H. N. Practical Physics for Secondary Schools. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Boulger, D. C. Holland of the Dutch. Scribner.
Browning, H. S. The Auction-Bridge Book. Dutton. $1 net.
Brown, K. W. One Summer. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Buffalo, Picture Book of Earlier. Vol XVI, Buffalo Historical Society Publications.
Burpee, L. J. Humor of the North; Scouts of Empire. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 50 cents each.
Conley, Emma. Nutrition and Diet: A Textbook for Secondary Schools. Amer. Book Co. 60 cents.
Dilnot, Frank. The Adventures of a Newspaper Man. Dutton. $2 net.
Eberlein, H. D. Making and Furnishing Outdoor Rooms and Porches. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Ellis, A. R. Making a Garage. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Fletcher, O. O. An Introduction to Philosophy. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Garrett, J. C. Janice. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Glocker, T. W. The Government of American Trade Unions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.
Glover, T. R. The Christian Tradition and its Verification. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hall, J. T. The Tree of Worlds. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Hewett, E. L., Henderson, J., and Robbins, W. W. Physiography of the Rio Grande Valley, New Mexico, in Relation to Pueblo Culture. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Holley, Horace. The Inner Garden: A Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Kathrens, R. D. Let's Civilize the Marriage Laws. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
King, B., and Okey, T. Italy To-day. New, enlarged edition. Scribner.
Klingle, George. The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Lombardini, S. H. Rival French Courts. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
McLaughlin, A. C. A History of the American Nation. New edition, revised. D. Appleton. $1.40.
Masefield, John. The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems. New, revised edition. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Matthews, L. R. Women in Trade Unions in San Francisco. Berkeley: Univ. of Calif. Press.
Meynell, Alice. Poems. Scribner.
Noel, Jean. The Courage of Paula. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
O'Grady, H. Matter, Form, and Style. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Quiggin, E. C. Prolegomena to the Study of the Later Irish Bards—1200-1500. (From Proceedings British Academy, Vol. V.) Frowde.
Ramsay, W. M. The Imperial Peace: Romanes Lecture, 1913. Frowde.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, for year ended June, 1912. 2 vols. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Reynolds, R. R. Wanderlust. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Rowe, J. W. The Secret of Stonehenge. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Ryle, H. E. "Remember the Days of Old": A Sermon Preached before the Inter. Historical Congress. Frowde.
Shakespeare's Henry VI, Part II, edited by C. H. Barnwell. Tudor edition. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sigma XI. Quarter-Century Record and History—1886-1911. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Stockton, F. R. Stories of the Spanish Main. Macmillan. 40 cents net.
Stories from the Far East. Translated and arranged by R. G. Kent and I. F. Hall. Merrill Co. 30 cents.
Taylor, C. A. A. P. The Conflict and Commingling of the Races. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Thomas, Frederick. The Mill on the Creek. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Thompson, Francis. Works. 3 vols. Scribner.
Thurston, E. T. The Open Window. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Triggs, H. I. Garden Craft in Europe. Scribner.
Tunstall, R. W. The Latin Ladder: Introductory to Cæsar. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Warwick, B. The Rock: A Story of the War. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

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